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ABSTRACT

The following reports on women in Portuguese or Portuguese American society are included: (1) "The Story of Maria a.k.a. Mary" by Steven Samuel Ossach, (2) "Portuguese-American Women: Portraits in Fact and in Fiction" by Mary T. Vernette, (3) "A Different Vision of a New England Childhood: The Cape Verdean Experience on Cape Cod" by Maria Luisa Nunes, (4) "A Profile of the Portuguese Woman of Mineola" by Cynthia Rendeiro and Guilhermina Serrado, (5) "The Portuguese Female Immigrant: 'Marginal Man' Par Excellence" by M. Estellie Smith, and (6) "Further Comments on the Treatment of Woman in the Modern Portuguese Theater" by David J. Viera. (JB)

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WOMEN IN PORTUGUESE SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS OF
THE SECOND ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM ON

THE PORTUGUESE EXPERIENCE IN THE UNITED STATES

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY

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INTRODUCTION TO SYMPOSIUM ON

WOMEN IN PORTUGUESE SOCIETY

Professor Neil Miller
Department of Languages and International
Studies, Adelphi University
Garden City, New York

I would like to begin this Second Annual Symposium on the Portuguese Experience in the United States by welcoming all of you here today. Our distinguished visitors include Mrs. Teresa Greenwald, representative of his honorable João Hall Themido, Portuguese Ambassador to the United States, Mr. António Azevedo, representative of his honorable Dr. Melo Freitas, Portuguese Consul General in New York, and our guests from the various Resource and Training Centers and Dissemination and Assessment Centers, Bilingual Programs, colleagues from Adelphi University and other academic institutions, members of the Portuguese community at large, and students. Sejam todos bemvindos à nossa Universidade de Adelphi para participarem no nosso segundo simpósio sobre os portugueses dos Estados Unidos.

As you know, last year's symposium focused on general issues related to the Portuguese in the U.S. We discussed their educational background and the effect of acculturation on their language and social behavior. The idea for this year's symposium, Women in Portuguese Society, came from a variety of sources, some remote and some recent. It came from my personal desire to better understand a culture to which I am committed and so involved in from day to day. It came from my reading a 1971 Portuguese Office of Information Document entitled "The Legal Situation of Portuguese Women," a document which discussed the principle of equality, but which left many practical questions unanswered.

The idea also came from my early readings in Alma Pátria, Pátria Alma, where Forjaz de Sampaio's selection discussed why he is so proud to be Portuguese and have known that "mulher portuguesa, que nenhuma há no mundo que a exceda em sentimento, em ternura, em dedicação, que e filha estremecida, esposa dedicada, mãe amante e . . . avó devotada, sempre diligente e humilde,"

and from Bernardo Santareno (in Nos Mares do Fim do Mundo) who, upon speaking of the wives of the many Portuguese fishermen, says it was she, the Portuguese Woman, "quem educou os filhos . . . quem lhes escolheu caminhos de vida, quem lhes serviu de exemplo impecável. Ela, sozinha, humildemente em silêncio, como coisa natural e simples."

Was this the humble, devoted, silent woman about whom the Three Marias wrote in their Novas Cartas Portuguesas? Was this the same woman quoted in an August 26, 1976, New York Times article as asking for a change in laws and a share of what the April 25, 1974, revolution has achieved?

And what happens as we move across the Atlantic Ocean and examine the Portuguese woman in her numerous communities in the United States? As Maria Goulart stated in a book entitled Os Portugueses em New Bedford, "for the woman coming from Portugal and brought by destiny to America and its way of life, the early transitional period was one of torture. Everything was new and different and she, the Portuguese woman, humble and submissive, tied to tradition, was forced to flee to the safety of her most intimate memories. Only later did she recover and begin to learn about her new society." [trans.]

For this woman coming from Portugal life surely must have been a difficult one. The period of transition for anyone going from one society to another can be a very painful experience. How, then, did the Portuguese woman adapt herself to her new surroundings and what were some of the problems she faced in the United States? How might the experience of women from mainland Portugal, the Azores, Cape Verde or the Madeira Islands have been the same, or different? How might we compare the experiences of the early immigrants of the XIXth century and the more recent ones? What are the different views of the first, second, and third generation Portuguese women?

In order to try and answer some of these questions, as well as open

other areas for discussion, we have invited a number of speakers to present their points of view. I thank them all for coming and will introduce each of them to you more personally prior to their individual presentations.

Before introducing the first speaker of the morning session, I would like additionally to thank President Timothy Costello and Dean Harry Davies of Adelphi University, Dr. James Stais, Chairman of the Department of Languages and International Studies of Adelphi University, and Mr. Dan Domenech, Project Director of the Bilingual Unit of the Board of Cooperative Educational Services of Nassau County, for their financial and moral backing of the Symposium, as well as Mr. John Correiro of the Dissemination and Assessment Center of Fall River, Massachusetts, for the present publication.

THE STORY OF MARIA a.k.a. MARY

Professor Steven Samuel Ussach
Bristol Community College
Fall River, Massachusetts

I. INTRODUCTION

I must begin with a disclaimer. I am not, nor have I ever been, a member of the female sex. Nor do I qualify as Portuguese. I approach the subject of Portuguese women through the objectivity inherent in statistics and data.

Be that the case, what can be said about the Portuguese immigrant woman since 1800? To realize that there is so little, so preciously little, to be said for so many people over so long a period of time, is already a statement of large importance. How can, roughly, 200,000 people so completely disappear in a society as creatively opportunistic as that of the United States?

There may be three responses to this question:

1. there are individual exceptions to this statement, exceptions which are more worthy of study than the rule,
2. or, the statement is not correct, Portuguese women have <u>not</u> "disappeared,"
3. or, the achievements of Portuguese women lie outside the masculine-determined definition of achievement used in the above responses and Portuguese women can only appear historically if studied through the use of neutral definitions.

As regards the first response, there <u>are</u> exceptions. There <u>are</u> prominent Portuguese or Portuguese-American women who stand out from the more prosaic female experience. And of course there are the "secret" Portuguese women, those who changed their names, those whose names were changed, those who never knew themselves, that under their American disguises beat the heart of a Maria Qualquer. These secret Marias are a source of joy for researchers,

scholars, and Movimentistas searching the dark biographical corners of a Mary to find a Maria.

But let us keep in mind the logical. These are exceptions. What do they mean or what do they prove? Very little that can relate to the Portuguese experience. They are biographical exceptions, as remote to the Portuguese experience as to the general female experience. It may be stimulating to play the secret Maria game ("did you know that . . . was really Portuguese?") but does it alter the experience of the overwhelming majority of Portuguese immigrant women in the United States?

As regards the second response, that is, that the achievements of Portuguese immigrant women are not insignificant, one must confront the obvious. Women in general in American society have achieved little, and Portuguese women in American society have achieved even less. To argue differently without changing the masculine definition of "achievement" is hopeless.

That brings us to the third response. Quite simply one either gives up on the majority of Portuguese women as almost non-existent, or one comes to understand the real, the inescapably real, achievement of Portuguese immigrant women. It is not an achievement which fits into the contemporary woman's movement in this country - indeed there is no tolerance at all within that movement for what Portuguese immigrant women have achieved. But once we come to understand the non-masculine context of achievements of Portuguese women in the United States, we can begin to see that the "Portuguese experience" rests solidly on a basis of "Mariaisma."

II. EARLY IMMIGRATION TO THE CIVIL WAR

In the American colonial period there were a few Portuguese men in the colonies but the record shows that they married non-Portuguese women, often

Indians, American Blacks and occassionally "Yankee" (Protestant) women. There were, of course, Portuguese Jews, numerous in such places as Philadelphia, New York and Newport, but these were not considered Portuguese as much as they were considered Jews. Even after 1800 when Portuguese men began to settle in the whaling communities of southern New England, the presence of Portuguese women was rare. Those that did come were sent for, and made the crossing in small wooden sailing boats, voyages that often took two months from the Azores. The usual destination was Boston where a vice-consul was established as early as 1837. Through this office a great number of arrangements between husbands and wives were made. Increasingly, Azoreans who had arrived as whale-fishermen bought small farms with their earnings and competed successfully with the older Yankee farmers. Presumably they sent for their wives and women at this time. It is important to note that this form of immigration, men first, then women, was already traditional in Portugal. The Portuguese were already Europe's most frequent immigrants. What began as colonization ended as immigration, but the process was the same. The Portuguese (including the Azoreans) had been emigrating to Brazil in large numbers since the 1750's. The capacity of Portuguese men to mix well with females they encountered everywhere in the world has already been noted by the Brazilian anthropologist and sociologist, Gilberto Freire. At least until the 870's there was no great Portuguese female presence in the United States. Those who came seem to be lost to the historical record.

However, there is at least one dramatic exception. In the 1840's a large group of Portuguese men and women arrived in the United States from Madeira. They had been proselytized on Madeira by a Protestant Scots missionary en route to China. After an abortive settlement in Trinidad, they found refuge in Springfield, Illinois. In this case, men, women and children -- a

Protestant flock -- all emigrated together. But this was an exception. The rule in the period 1800-1870 was that Portuguese women usually did not emigrate to the United States, and those who did, came at the invitation and expense of Portuguese men who preceded them.

III. THE INDUSTRIAL WAVE OF IMMIGRATION 1870-1921

The pattern of Portuguese female immigration changed radically after 1870. The whaling industry began to decline after the American Civil War and many Portuguese (men) took to farming the rocky New England terrain, so similar to that of the Azores. But the rising labor needs of New England's textile factories was all-consuming and by the turn of the century the demand for cheap labor was so overpowering that more than 180,000 Portuguese (men and women) emigrated to the United States -- mostly, New England and California -- between 1900 and 1921. In this great wave of Portuguese immigration to the United States the Azoreans were joined by Madeiran, Cape Verdean and Continental Portuguese, thus bringing a wide spectrum of the whole Lusitanian world into the United States. Quite simply, American industrialism, for the first time gave immigrant women an economic value quite apart from their husbands'.During this period more women accompanied their husbands in the emigration process because there was "immediate" job placement for both soon after arriving.

The level of immigration from the Azores was high enough during this period to make scheduled steamship connections economically profitable. Large carriers, like the ships of the Fabre Line (Ponta Delgada - Providence) and the White Star Line (Ponta Delgada - Madeira - Boston) made physical accomodations more tolerable for women and children to make the crossing, and this in turn increased their numbers.

In addition to the women who accompanied their men, large numbers came alone. The presence in such cities as Fall River, Taunton, New Bedford, Bristol, etc. of large colonies of single Portuguese men attracted a service industry for their needs. Boarding house owners and operators, cooks, seamstresses, companions, etc. sprung up around the factories; likewise, bakeries, groceries, etc. also opened jobs for women. Laurinda de Andrade described her travelling companions on her crossing to Providence in 1917: (The Open Door, Laurinda de Andrade, p. 67)

> Several other women started to talk about their destination in the New World. The majority of them were going to California. Some of them had been summoned by their husbands, but a couple were going without being expected by their forgetful husbands, already in danger of straying too far. They had left their children with relatives and had sold everything they owned to raise the money for the passage. The most cheerful note was from three young women, single until recently married by proxy. Two of them were on their way to husbands who had been their boyfriends on the island, but the third girl had never seen her husband . . . There was still another one whose fiance had been inducted into the Portuguese Army and was about to leave for France [Portugal fought on the Allied side in France in the First World War]. They had planned to be married that spring and leave for the New World together where she had a married brother, but she was going alone, hoping he might join her there later.
>
> As far as I can remember all those women were involved in some phase of the natural drama of human life. They were motivated or pressed by the interplay of the two sexes: attracted and bonded by mysterious and inevitable forces of emotions. Such stories were well-known to the people of those islands. Women had been travelling that way for centuries to Brazil, which was then a part of the Portuguese Empire. Later the American whaling ships, by picking up Portuguese fishermen from those shores, had opened the way for the women to follow the men to the New World.

Single women invariably stayed at boarding houses catering to their status. Usually run by an older woman, the boarding house was a social unit for the single female immigrant -- a place where she could operate without the stigma associated with unattached females and without the pressures of the masculine dominated immigrant colony. Indeed, for some women, boarding

houses took on a distinctive atmosphere of a convent. Around the dinner table young women shared their uncertainties and sought advice about life in America. There were always matchmakers anxious to bring two parties together and this function was often performed by the mistress of the boarding house.

The economic role of Portuguese immigrant women was further enhanced -- as was the overall role of women in America -- by the First World War. Many men were obliged to leave their factory jobs for military service and this stimulated female immigration. To summarize the situation of the Portuguese female immigrant to 1921 I would say that she was far more equal in the American environment than she had been in Portugal and far more free in the American mainstream community than she was in her own ethnic immigrant community. If there were so few Portuguese women who emerged as notable figures in the larger scene during this period it is probably due to the self-imposed acceptance of their masculine-dominated ethnic society. The more cohesive the ethnic community, the harder it was to break the traditions of the old country -- even with the economic clout of equal employment opportunities.

IV. THE PERIOD OF MAINSTREAM ASSIMILATION 1921-1965

Between 1921 and the late 1950's there was only a trickle of immigration from Portugal. This long period without continuous ethnic reinforcement saw the gradual breakdown of the cohesive Portuguese colonies. The Americanization process -- at work on all immigrant groups during this period -- resulted in a paradox. "Portuguese" women abandoned outside employment as quickly as economic circumstances allowed in order to devote themselves to domestic activities. The post war period, 1946-1960, witnessed the devolution of the economic role Portuguese women had played and removed them from the conflict area in which able individuals (male or female) could rise to positions of

leadership. At the very time that women of many ethnic immigrant backgrounds were emerging as individuals, the Portuguese seem to have reverted to domestic tradition. Undoubtedly this was seen as a luxury, as well as a convenience, but it served to undermine the earlier progress of the women who had been forced to compete equally with their men. By 1965 second and third generation families had achieved a more comfortable version of the domestic life styles their immigrant ancestors had left in the Azores in the early part of the century.

V. TRENDS SINCE 1965

Congressional reforms of the immigration laws in the Kennedy-Johnson period opened America once more to large scale immigration. In this period the Portuguese have accounted for the second highest European group of immigrants, just fewer in number than the Italians but well under the level of many Asian countries.

In many respects the immigration of about 130,000 Portuguese to the United States since 1965 resembles the earlier industrial immigration of 180,000 in the period 1899-1921. But the similarities -- large numbers in concentrated areas, factory employment, immigration of whole families, etc. -- ignore an important distinction.

Unlike earlier periods, the majority of the Portuguese at work now in the older areas of settlement are women. Unemployment rates within the Portuguese male community are high -- or at best, seasonal. Men are forced to commute as far as 60 or 70 miles to find construction work while women are usually employed within a few miles of their home. Contact with the mainstream community has been facilitated by such innovations as hiring Portuguese speaking clerks at the utility companies, supermarkets, furniture

stores, etc. This had always put the male in the position of negotiating his family affairs since he usually acquired a working knowledge of English sooner than his wife.

The Portuguese male finds it impossible to support a family on his income alone. Many males hold down two full time jobs. As most first-shift factory operations are held by women, most second-shift operations (3pm-11pm) are held by men who began their work day elsewhere at 7 am. The existence of Portuguese language radio and television stations in many of the concentrated settlement areas, e.g., a 16-hours per day radio station, WJFD, in New Bedford, reinforces the functional use of Portuguese and decreases dependence on the family member who speaks (or who must learn) English.

Nor is there reinforcement for traditional values to be found in either the ethnic or mainstream communities. Economic hard times in the areas of older settlement have forced wives to seek second income employment. This is the rule rather than the exception and Portuguese immigrants, borrowing models from those around them, soon found that the working woman is an accepted condition in this country.

Once again, as in the earlier period, the economic importance of immigrant women will serve to strengthen their positions as women in the mainstream society -- as teachers, bank functionaries, librarians, clerks, program assistants, etc. -- but this will not guarantee an increase in status within their own ethnic community. This last, is really dependent on the longevity of favorable economic factors -- favorable, that is, to women. And finally, one can rise to social importance and make social "achievements" usually only after one has already done so closer to home.

However much the above may appear to claim that Portuguese (immigrant) women are held back from achievement by the traditional dominance of Portuguese

males, this is only partly the case. Closer to the truth is that this is an accepted dominance which is actively maintained by the women themselves. They serve as the keeper of the flame of tradition, the ethnic, religious and historical conscience of the family in its new setting. They preserve the use of the language, the customs, the photographs, the relics, and the foods they are most familiar with. They are the final comfort, the safety, the refuge, in a sea of confrontations with a society demanding change. Simply, they are the roots backwards, as the men are expected to be the branches forward. It is common amongst Portuguese males to hear them complain bitterly that their wives' feet are "stuck in concrete" and that upward mobility, and opportunities are lost as a result.

Whichever is the case (both seem to be) one last comment may be in order. Unlike many other European ethnic groups the Portuguese are still immigrants. Their ethnic communities are still in a state of stress. Constant emigrant reinforcement from the Azores makes any judgment about "the Portuguese" in America temporary at best, obsolete at worst. At an entry rate of close to 1,000 per month (from the Azores, Canada and Venezuela) a wise forecase of the role of immigrant Portuguese women would be one that recognized their economic importance (how else could they afford to be here) but refrained from indicating the consequences of that importance.

PORTUGUESE-AMERICAN WOMEN: PORTRAITS IN FACT AND IN FICTION

Dr. Mary T. (Silvia) Vermette
Director of Bilingual Programs
Southeastern Massachusetts University
North Dartmouth, Massachusetts

In preparing this paper for presentation here today, I came to realize that the paucity of reliable research material concerning Portuguese and descendants of Portuguese in the United States became even more acute should one be seeking information about women. One must rely somewhat upon personal recollections of contemporaries and stories passed on to younger generations, somewhat upon newspapers and publications of fraternal and professional organizations, and a great deal upon luck.

A very few scientifically prepared studies are available, such as James Adler's Ethnic Minorities in Cambridge, Mass., (1972)[1] and Donald Taft's Two Portuguese Communities in New England (1923, RPT. 1969).[2] The former has worthwhile information for those completely unfamiliar with the Portuguese in the United States. The latter is particularly offensive to Portuguese-Americans because of its flagrant display of racial, ethnic, and religious biases. Neither of these, however, treat the subject of women in any particular fashion.

Our newly arisen sensitivity to the ethnic complexities inherent in our pluralistic society, coupled with our traditional concern for the needy and oppressed, cause us to overlook the fact that immigrants to America came from varying levels of society. All suffered the torment of cross-cultural adjustment. It would have been the literate that could have recorded their story. Unfortunately, few were moved to write about their experiences in the Portuguese-American press. Most wrote nostalgic pieces about their native land, replete with "saudades." Others described Portuguese cultural events. Women appeared briefly in news items, of the type announcing births, marriages, deaths, and committee assignments. Stories noting memorable occasions, such as the introduction of Portuguese in New Bedford High School with Miss Laurinda C. Andrade as teacher only incidentally mentioned women. It remained

for the women to record themselves into history, directly and indirectly, by word or by deed. The scarcity of data results in an impression in Portuguese-American society that women have so little impact as to be inconspicuous.

The fact is, however, that many intelligent, well-educated, sophisticated Portuguese did immigrate to America. They and their descendants have necessity long been noteworthy and well-known in Portuguese-speaking areas.

I shall consider only women who emigrated before the 1965 Act, which eliminated quotas for aliens. Time and space force other limitations. Those chosen are from the Portuguese-Americans of the New England area, who made significant contributions -- three of whom are selected for special consideration. Portuguese-Americans are taken to be naturalized citizens as well as Americans born of Portuguese descent.

Among those of note are Gladys De Almeida, who taught music at Boston University, attorneys Cecilia Fidalgo and Ethyl De Sousa and several others favorite daughters of the community. References to these ladies can be found in "A Mulher Portuguesa na América do Norte" by Fayal-born Maria Goulart of Arlington. It appeared in 1932 in a commemorative book entitled Os Portugueses em New Bedford.[3] The name of Dr. Otilia Vieira (now Petrone), a physician, appears in the advertisements, as well as those of ladies involved in commercial enterprises, such as real estate and travel agencies.

One of the most interesting of the ladies included in Maria Goulart's article was Viola Therese Davenport. Viola made her grand opera debut as "Gilda" in Lakmé in the Boston Opera House on November 21, 1909. A native of Somerville, she was the daughter of George F. Davenport, a superintendent of schools, and Mary Elizabeth Amaral, an American-born whose father was Azorean and whose mother was from Estoril. Encouraged since childhood by her musically

oriented mother, Viola studied voice under Clara Munger and Dr. Reszke of Paris. It was in Paris that she married her persistent suitor, Alvan Tufts Fuller, later congressman, then governor, (1925-1929) of Massachusetts. Although she was encouraged to continue, Mrs. Fuller chose to accompany her husband to Washington and to Boston. Long identified with Boston music and society, she was among the original sponsors of the St. Nicholas Cotillion at which Catholic debutantes were presented to the late Cardinal Cushing.[4] According to her son, Peter Fuller, of Brookline, his mother enjoyed her Portuguese heritage. By the warmth with which Mr. Fuller speaks of his mother and grandmother, it is evident that he enjoys it as well.

Musical training was one of the attributes of two other ladies who became well-known throughout the area. Camilla Taveira, now 89 years old and planning her last trip to Portugal, is an accomplished pianist and violinist. Her son, Massachusetts Superior Court Judge August C. Taveira[5] was the ombudsman in my search for more information, since she was too occupied with her forthcoming trip to receive me. Born in continental Portugal of a Spanish father and a Portuguese mother, Camilla grew up in a house dedicated to music -- her father played the flute and her mother the piano. The entire family would play together for their own amusement. She attended the Real Companhia dos Amadores da Música which seemed to have some association with the National Conservatory of Music, since examinations were taken at the conservatory and the certificate awarded bore its name. As the bride of young Dr. Taveira, Camilla became involved in musical circles in the New Bedford area, such as the Thursday Women's Musical Club, the Circle Gounod, and the Spouter's. The violin was her principal instrument and she became first violinist with the New Bedford Symphony Orchestra. She taught violin and piano, gave many concerts with her friend Mercedes Pitta, and eventually became organist

at Immaculate Conception Church, one of the three Portuguese National Churches of New Bedford. For many years her name was a leader in the cultural circles of the area.

Mercedes Pitta, on the other hand, was the daughter of Azorean immigrants who emigrated to the United States for none of the usual reasons. Mercedes' father was a physician from Terceira and her mother from Flores. Her grandmother in turn was the daughter of the British consul in the Azores. She married a Florean lawyer who later became one of the first Portuguese consul's sent to Boston, D. Manuel Pedro de Almeida. When Dr. João Carlos da Silva Pitta, a graduate of the University of Lisbon, visited the Chicago Exposition in 1895, "He fell in love with the country" and resolved to stay. During his sojourn, he dined at the Consul's home, where he met his daughter. The two were later married and settled in New Bedford.

Although Mercedes has no formal education in Portuguese language and culture, she is well versed in both. She and her brother and sister were given lessons every Sunday by their mother, who had sent for the appropriate books from Portugal. Her mother was also very musical and Mercedes was fascinated by watching her play the piano. This inspired her musical career. There was never any question as to any of the children attempting higher education. They simply were expected to go.

A major in piano and music theory, Mercedes attended Wellesley and later Yale University where she received a bachelor's degree in 1932. She was awarded the Ditson fellowship for graduate study at Yale, received a Master of Music degree in 1934. During this period, she was a soloist with the New Haven Symphony Orchestra. She pursued graduate studies at Radcliffe and Boston University, but was forced to stop because of illness in the family. She taught music privately for many years, with a very short foray into

public school teaching in the New Bedford Schools. Later she taught at Friends Academy in Dartmouth and until her retirement in 1974, in Dartmouth Public Schools. Her outstanding work with children earned her the coveted award from the Yale School of Music Alumni Association for excellence in Music Education. She is still very active in musical circles, and fondly admired by many students who recall her patience with them.

Of the three musical women above it was only possible to discuss with Mercedes Pitta the ramifications of being a professional woman in a time when few women of any ethnic group in the New England area were attending institutions of higher learning. My impression is that since music was considered an attribute suitable for ladies, it would have been an accepted career for them. However, of the three, Viola desisted and Camilla gave private lessons. It was only Mercedes who went into her profession in a formal, contractual sense, where she had to contend with men in the same field. Professionally, she had no quarrel with them, but in social settings, especially in the thirties and forties they seemed apprehensive to make associations with "someone who showed she had intelligence," as she put it.[6]

Now I would like to introduce you to three more women whom I have long admired: Dr. Alcinda de Aguiar, Dr. Lena Sylvania, and Miss Laurinda Andrade. None of them consider themselves to be "women's libbers" in the modern sense. Indeed, that label instills horror into Alcinda. Nevertheless, consciously or unconsciously, each contributed toward the feminist movement in her own fashion. One is a Continental, one an Azorean, and one a second generation American. All had perseverance and a thirst for knowledge. Each sought her fulfillment in a different way.

Miss Lena Sylvania (Elena da Silva) was the daughter of Azorean immigrants from São Jorge who settled in the New Bedford Area. Her father,

Manuel da Silva, immigrated at the age of eight, settling with a Yankee family in Acushnet. Educated in American schools, he became a contractor and builder. Unfortunately, his magnificent home in Dartmouth was razed in order to build one of those modern horrors peculiar to American society -- a nursing home. As a respected merchant in both Portuguese and Yankee communities, he founded the Luzo-Corporation of America, and became the first president of the bank. Since Portuguese-Americans holding such positions were rare, you can imagine the standing of the family in the community. He was well able to educate his only daughter, Lena.

In her own words, Lena was always interested in studying.[7] She graduated from Smith College in 1912, with a bachelor's in Romance Languages (Spanish), and received her Master's in 1914 from Columbia University in Spanish. She did not complete her doctorate at Columbia, however, until 1922. Following her Master's she had visited for a time with relatives in California, where she now lives. In the interim, between her Master's and her doctorate, she contributed many articles to the Romanic Review on her favorite author, Eça de Queirós.

Following her doctorate, she returned to California. However, she spent some time from 1935-1945 in New Bedford, where she and a lifelong friend who was a marine engineer were involved in an enterprise which bought and sold tankers. Lena is best remembered for her generosity in contributing scholarships through the Portuguese Educational Society for Portuguese-American students wishing to pursue their education.

Lena's thesis concerned the little-known seventeenth century writings of Doña Maria de Zayas y Sotomayor, particularly the novelas. That Doña Maria was an ardent feminist is displayed throughout her stories, and this characteristic trait Lena stresses as being very significant and interesting. In a

paragraph taken from her thesis, she states:

> In her writings she voiced the protest that throughout the succeeding years has grown her most insistent, in its effort to readjust standards of morals and to assure to women an attitude of fairness and justice on the part of the opposite sex. This protest which, at that time and up to just a few years ago, seemed so bizarre to some and so trivial to others, has, by reason of organized effort, attained such importance that it is one of the factors to be reckoned with in both the public and private life of today. Doña Maria de Zayas e Sotomayer can well be classed with those who first braved public opinion to assert and maintain by force of argument, that women have certain rights and that, as human beings, they are not inferior to men.[8]

It is obvious in reading through the monograph that Lena is in sympathy with Doña Maria's brave fight for recognition of equal rights of both sexes, and respect for women in the eyes of men. As Doña Maria, she is also a woman of advanced ideas, advocating general education for women and equal educational opportunities in various fields. Lena is conspicuously aware of the feminist movement and has contributed to it with her talent in making us aware of this seventeenth century protagonist for women's rights, and with her resources through the Lena Sylvania scholarship.

On the other hand, there are those women, who even though they have indeed lived a most unusual life in spheres where men consider themselves to be masters, do not consciously relate to the feminist movement. One of these is Dr. Alcinda de Aguiar, a renowned psychiatrist now living in semi-retirement in Westerly, Rhode Island. She does not wish to be known as a "women's

libber," yet, during our conversation, she admitted to professional life, especially in the medical field being "muito, muito difícil."[9] The problem of training to be a lady doctor, in addition to culture clash problems upon arriving in this country, would have daunted a less sturdy soul.

Alcinda was born in Viana do Castelo in the north of Portugal at the turn of the century to a family of standing and means. She graduated cum laude from the Faculty of Medicin- at Oporto in 1925. Family circumstances caused her to come to America, where she had friends, to set up her practice. She is licensed to practice medicine in Portugal, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, and New Jersey, and holds a certificate from the National Board of Neurology and Psychiatry. From 1936-1938, she returned to Portugal where she conducted a study of one thousand school age children and their families to evaluate their physical, academic, nutritional, psychological, and social conditions. Beginning in 1970, she has begun a follow-up on these children.

On returning to the United States, she worked in general practice and mental retardation, finally entering the U.S. Army Medical Corps. During the time that she served in World War II, she worked with the Veterans Administration Hospital in Bedford, Massachusetts, beginning on the day when women doctors were accepted for the first time on the staff.

There were twenty-three women physicians on duty during the Korean War. Major de Aguiar was the first woman physician to land in Japan. Her friend, Lt. Col. Clara Raven, in an article in the journal Military Medicine mentions her contributions:

> Major de Aguiar, now a prominent psychotherapist practicing in Boston, was assigned to a large psychiatric hospital in Tokyo. She was so successful in restoring back to duty some

of the psychotic soldiers, that she was accused by some unbelieving colleagues of performing "hocus pocus" with her patients. She finally gained recognition and approval for her work. But she did not succeed in her plea to an assignment close to the fighting front.[10]

Alcinda returned to Bedford after the Korean Conflict serving on the staff until 1962. Then she began private practice. In addition, from 1967-1971, she was half-time director of psychiatry at Westborough State Hospital, and on its consulting staff from 1971-1973. She has presented many papers at distinguished gatherings throughout her career, but she is most proud of being mentioned in a book by Dr. Egás Moniz, Portugal's only Nobel Prize winner.

Throughout her career, Alcinda has shown deep compassion for her patients and humanity in general. Although recognizing that "muita gente veio com muito menos facilidades," she nevertheless reiterates that, "Todos fomos imigrantes. Toda a gente antigamente tinha que sofrer as dificuldades de serem imigrantes, educados ou não."[11] Asked about what inspired her vocation into the medical profession, Alcinda affirmed simply, that, "A minha mãe queria um padre e uma médica. Eu fui médica."[12] So began a distinguished career, which cannot help but be an inspiration to other young women seeking similar careers.

Unconsciously, Alcinda's success contributes to the feminist movement. Although she does not see herself in that light, her life work is a testimony of dedicated and estimable service in an area dominated by intellectual and social prejudices of centuries.

Miss Laurinda C. Andrade, long a leader in the battle for admittance of Portuguese as a legitimate subject in American high schools is a person of

strong religious convictions and vibrant personality. A native of the Azores, she is definitely conscious of her role in the feminist movement, although her motives were for individual fulfillment rather than the cause.

Born in Terceira, she suffered during all her life in the Azores because she was not eligible in the eyes of the family or of the community to be educated or liberated in any way since boys were considered superior to girls.[13] The only hope for EMANCIPATION,[14] as she expressed it was, first, to become a teacher, and second, to go to America. In her autobiography The Open Door, Miss Andrade depicts a vivid picture of the problems of an independent and spirited young lady on the island of Terceira. When she found the pressure of tradition and lifestyle too great, she seized upon an unexpected opportunity to go to America, even though she had to complete her arrangements in twenty-four hours.

In a straight forward, rather Victorian style, Laurinda pictures intimate family life on Terceira, and the trials she encountered from the moment she was left alone on a Providence, R.I. dock at the age of 17. She takes us through her days in the cotton mills to the heights of Pembroke College. Finally, we share her joy when she achieves her goal of becoming a teacher. She quickly took the role as a leading protagonist for Portuguese language teaching in the United States at the secondary school level. Laurinda realized very quickly that, if she did not wish to follow the tradition of proper ladies in marrying, she would have to find another means of support . . . and the only alternative for a "genteel" young lady was to become a teacher. Her beloved teacher on the island, Doña Maria Pia, convinced her parents to allow her to continue her education with the intention of her assisting Laurinda in fulfilling her desire in spite of all opposition. In her words:

> Laurinda's joy was boundless. The thought of continuing to go to school and be guided and instructed by that same teacher was heavenly, but the promise to become a teacher someday was almost too much to believe. It did not take long for the news to spread and a loud cry of general disapproval to be heard. A great injustice! How unfair to the older children, especially the boy! A teacher! Nothing less, etc. . . . etc. . . . etc., . . . [15]

The greatest value of Laurinda's story lies in the panorama of the Azorean experience, both on the island and as immigrants in New Bedford. Also significant is her abiding faith in God and her convictions that America is still the land of greatest opportunities, ". . . for all those who choose to pay the price to build the mind, their own characters, and the future."[16]

In my most recent conversation with Laurinda she informed me that she felt the publication of her experiences had helped to encourage some Portuguese-American girls to continue in higher education. She named three who specifically told her that after reading her experiences, they were ashamed to complain of their problems, and decided to further their education. Laurinda Andrade has been retired from formal teaching for some time, but she will never retire from life -- and occasionally her strong voice is still heard in support of Portuguese studies, wherever she feels it is necessary.

Lena, Alcinda, and Laurinda admittedly did not come from families that had been traditionally poor, where education beyond elementary years was unknown. They did come from families that knew of hard work, and in Alcinda's and Laurinda's cases, hard times. However, they all shared in some form or other, a recognition of the difficulties of succeeding in professional life because of being women, and each found her own way, with much courage and

perseverance to achieve success. As Maria Goularť had stated, "Mas, como todo o hábito é uma segunda natureza, a mulher de Portugal aclimata-se."[18]

There are many other women, whose interest in cultural pursuits in literature and the arts, and in the professions was admirable at a time when women in general were not encouraged to do anything much more than to "dabble", and even then, only those of a certain social standing. Many immigrants, as well as first generation Portuguese promoted cultural affairs, many times holding them in their homes, since entertaining at home in those days was much more in style than it is now. Witness soprano Maria Pancado's singing in the living room of the home of Laura S. Rogers, daughter of a Fayal father and a Pico mother, whose son, Francis M. Rogers, is professor of Romance Languages and Literatures at Harvard.[19]

In contrast to the many outstanding women who, in fact, lived the Portuguese-American experience, in American fiction very little characterization of her exists. There is a fleeting reference in Steinbeck's Tortilla Flat[20] as to the alleged amorous leanings of Portuguese women. Alfred Lewis' Home Is An Island[21] so casually mentions a fact of traditional Portuguese life, that of a mother wishing one of her sons to be a priest, that this deep conviction held by most Portuguese is nearly lost. Cabral, a 1972 publication, is in my opinion a thinly veiled account of the murders committed on Cape Cod for which Antone Costa of Provincetown was convicted on May 10, 1970. The main character is Vinnie Cabral, like most Portuguese, of Catholic background. The atmosphere of the town has a strong Portuguese flavor. The Portuguese women are rather unflatteringly depicted. They are of the working class, not exceptionally clean and, in some cases, of questionable moral behavior. One is left with the feeling that little has changed in Provincetown during the one hundred years of Portuguese presence.[22] Admittedly,

Lewis and Wolfson are not of the stature of a Steinbeck. However, their books were widely read, so that their images of Portuguese-American women is widespread.

The only American writer of stature who depicted a Portuguese woman was Jack London. In his Martin Eden[23] (First edition-1909) he portrays the plight of most poor, uneducated Portuguese immigrant housewives, in his characterization of Maria Silva. Maria was an Azorean, who had reached California by way of the Hawaiian Islands. Her condition is described succinctly in the opening sentence of Chapter XXV: "Maria Silva was poor, and all the ways of poverty were clear to her." Although poor and illiterate, she is a warm, human being, who shares with the famished Martin a pitcher of hot soup, debating whether she is justified in taking it from the mouths of her own flesh and blood.[24] Her dream is to own a large milk ranch with "Plenty cow, plenty land, plenty grass," in order to "make da plentee mon."[25] She nurses him when he is ill, and generally gives him moral support in his desperate plight. In a scene still re-enacted in many immigrant homes, Maria's daughter Teresa reads the notice from the publishing company for the stricken Martin, since Maria can not read it herself.[26] Later on in his 1913 publication of Valley of the Moon, London portrays Azoreans in general as warm and generous people with a genius for making things grow.[27]

The portrayals of Portuguese-American women, such as they exist in American fiction, still describe her in a less than desirable, servile, unappetizing state. In fact, however, many women have been outstanding in their respective communities for one reason or another, and have waged the battle for equal recognition of women long before it became a national and international goal. There are many others whose stories are still to be written. It remains for us, and for many of you listening to this presentation to

realize that the dearth of materials regarding Portuguese women must not be allowed to continue, that you must research, evaluate, and publish so that future generations may benefit from the knowledge you have uncovered.

Notes

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3. Os Portugueses em New Bedford: O 5° Centenário dos Açores na Nova Inglaterra, Um Século de Actividade Lusa na Cidade da Baleia, O 50° Aniversário do Montepio Luso-Americano (New Bedford, 1932).
4. The Pilot, 16 April 76, Publication of the Archdiocese of Boston.
5. Telephone conversation with Judge August C. Taveira, November 10, 1976.
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14. Andrade, p. 26.
15. Andrade, p. 47.
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19. Francis M. Rogers, "The Portuguese Experience in the United States: Double Melt or Minority Group," The Journal of the American Portuguese Society, Vol. X, No. I (Spring, 1976) p.2.
20. John Steinbeck, Tortilla Flat (New York, 1935), p. 20.
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22. Victor Wolfson, Cabral, (Boston: Avon, 1972), Passim.
23. Jack London, Martin Eden (New York: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1919), p. 209.
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25. London, p. 210.

26. London, p. 220.

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28. Many thanks to Professor Francis M. Rogers of Harvard University, to Mrs. João R. Rocha, and to Mrs. António F. Cacella, who were very helpful with their valuable suggestions.

A DIFFERENT VISION OF A NEW ENGLAND CHILDHOOD: THE CAPE VERDEAN EXPERIENCE ON CAPE COD

Professor Maria Luisa Nunes
Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut

As a result of a conversation last December with Professor Joyce Riegelhaupt of Sarah Lawrence College, it occurred to me that a biography of my aunt, Mrs. Belmira Nunes Lopes ought to be done. She herself had started to write her memoirs but her very active life with seemingly unlimited activities in the community and failing eyesight slowed up this project. Having read All God's Dangers and having discussed oral history methodology with my colleagues at Yale and various people in the Harvard-MIT community, I decided that this was the perfect means for the recording of my aunt's life.

As I spent my sabbatical leave in Cambridge last year, it was convenient for me to drive to East Providence on weekends where I completed eighteen hours of taped interviews with Belmira. Her life story is inspiring on many levels -- personal, professional, and social. Most important, she is a warm, loving, and generous person. Graduated from East Wareham High School as valedictorian of her class, she went on to study at Boston University and Radcliffe College from which she was graduated in 1924. Despite a brilliant record at Radcliffe College and the highest recommendations from Professor Ford of Harvard, she was refused a teaching job in Massachusetts because of racial prejudice. Consequently, she applied for and attained employment in Puerto Rico where she lived and taught for six years. Upon her return to the United States, she taught in a private girl's school in Tarrytown, New York while working towards a Masters Degree at New York University. Subsequently, she taught briefly in the segregated school system of Washington D.C. and returned to New York City where she passed the qualifying examinations for high school teachers and began a brilliant and successful career in the New York City school system. During her early retirement years, she continued to teach on the college level in Puerto Rico and on the secondary level in Rhode Island.

Belmira Nunes Lopes, the daughter of Cape Verdean immigrants who came to the New England area in the late nineteenth century and made their living as itinerant agricultural workers in the cranberry bogs, picking strawberries, blueberries, gathering mayflowers to sell, and chopping wood and ice in winter for ice houses, was able to utilize every opportunity this country offered and to overcome the contradictions to its ideals. As the daughter of Cape Verdeans, she was very conscious of and had a deep love for the culture of her parents' homeland. If Lusotropicology has ever existed, and by this term I quote Professor Russell Hamilton's definition of "the cult of miscegenation and a uniquely acculturated but dominantly Lusitanian society," it has existed in the Cape Verde Islands with its almost homogeneous society. By American standards, however, the Cape Verdean immigrant was black without any of the insulation from the implicit inferiority of the label which "Creole" society or life in the Islands afforded. There was, and to some extent still exists, a conflict of cultural norms between the black-white dualism of the United States and the Cape Verdean's memory of a racially harmonious society. Belmira's girlhood illustrates this potential identity crisis and her life shows an extraordinarily varied experience which points above all to the plurality of the black experience in the United States.

In the course of her associations with Puerto Ricans, Belmira was a witness to a Hispanic structuring of color, similar to that of the Portuguese. When she taught in Washington, her acquaintances could have stepped from the pages of Frazier's Black Bourgeoisie. All of her life's experiences indicate much more complexity in the interpretation of the phenomena of culture, race, and ethnicity than the usual American norms suggest. Now in her mid-seventies, Belmira is very active in the Cape Verdean Community in and around Providence and, as in the past, her greatest energies are directed toward the raising of

scholarships for young Cape Verdeans. Married for the fourth time, she believes in marriage as she believes in love and says that if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Now, I would like to read a chapter from Belmira's biography describing aspects of her girlhood on Cape Cod.

When Mother came from the Cape Verde Islands, very few women emigrated from Brava. There were women here from the different countries of the world, but not from the Cape Verde Islands. Brava women only began coming to this country during the last part of the nineteenth century. Mother herself was really a pioneer. The thing that caused her to leave Brava more than anything else was the fact that the man she first married died in some kind of a sea disaster. She was left a widow very young. She had two children, Pedro and Maria Luisa. I believe they were only about three and maybe a year old when the first husband died. Finding herself a widow in Brava at a time when some women were already beginning to emigrate to America, she had a yen to leave the country and explore a new land. At the time, my mother felt, I suppose, that she was no longer really bound to stay home with her parents because she had already liberated herself through marriage. So that when the particular schooner was coming to Providence, she left the two children with her mother in Brava, and she sought passage on the ship to come to America with some of the other women she knew. I remember when she spoke of some of the friends who came with her. A number of them settled in the Providence area where the ship she came in arrived. Some of them remained in that area, but most of them moved towards the Cape. I remember especially her mentioning "Ti" Rosa who was "Nha" Rosa Lopes. After she got here, she married as my mother did. Mother mentioned "Ti" Chica also. We called all those women who were friends of my mother "aunts" in those days; they were all aunts to us. Mother had no other sister in this country at the time or any brother for that

matter: they came later. Mother lived in Providence for a while where she met my father and got married. Father remembered that when she was about four years old, he had been at her mother's house in Brava and saw her as a child. Even then, she had a good singing voice and her mother liked to display her talents to visitors who came to the house. My father said he recalled the child standing on a chair singing in the house where my grandmother lived. Some twenty years later, here she was in this country. My mother appealed to him when the men went to meet the ship to look over the women. I don't know when he realized that she was the child he had seen. It was probably when she told him the events of her childhood, about the place where she was born, and who her parents were.

Mother was attractive. Even in her forties, as I remember her, she had the beautiful coloring of so many Brava women, "cor de laranja" -- the color of oranges for which the island was famous. So much red suffused her skin that many people thought she was an American Indian. Her shiny, black hair and high cheekbones, her erect five-foot-seven-inch carriage fortified that impression. She was very straight. Oftentimes we thought that she had such a regal bearing because she had always felt so proud of her ancestry. At other times, I often wondered if her carrying herself so straight and in such a queenly manner was not due to the fact that when she was in Brava, she used to go to get water from remote areas where there was a spring. They used to carry these buckets of water on their heads through the hilly roads of Brava for miles without spilling a drop. That may have accounted for the fact that she was so straight and graceful in her walk. She had done a lot of walking and she had done a lot of carrying on her head which was a custom in Brava for women in those days. Whenever they had to carry loads they carried them on their heads. They prepared a kind of cloth, a round cloth crown, and

placed the bucket or whatever the load was that they were carrying on top of their heads. They carried it without flinching for miles, she used to tell us.

She was a person who got along well with everybody. She loved people, she loved to dance, and people liked her immensely too. So much so that it was my belief that one of the reasons why my father always chose to live in a place where there were very few other Cape Verdeans was that he didn't want my mother to socialize too much with others. He was, for one thing, eighteen years older than she. Mother was extremely attractive and very, very gregarious. She liked to be with people. I think that my father found that a little threatening to his domestic tranquility. We never lived in what you would call a Cape Verdean Community. We always lived amongst the Yankees. If we had another Cape Verdean neighbor it was one, not two. For example, in East Harwich, we did have one Cape Verdean neighbor with whom my mother was not too friendly. She was not one of mother's friends. She was from Brava also but my mother had never known her before and they never were too friendly for one reason or another. When we moved to East Wareham again, we moved to a section where there were no other Cape Verdeans. They were not too far away. You could walk but you couldn't have house to house communication. In East Wareham where we lived, you couldn't speak to a neighbor who was any closer to you than about a quarter of a mile and that neighbor was not a Cape Verdean. The Cape Verdeans were about two miles away from us but for all our social activities, for all our dances and christenings, for the wakes, we always went to the Cape Verdean communities. If we had a wedding or a christening or any kind of little festive celebration in our house, Cape Verdeans came. They were invited and they came, but we never lived too close to other Cape Verdeans. I always thought it was because my father did not want my mother to be surrounded by a lot of neighbors who might have had some influence on her

either in her spending of time away from the family or in forming relationships with other people who might give her advice that he did not favor. We always lived in a sort of isolated community because we were cut off from other Cape Verdeans.

My father was born in Fogo. When he was quite young--about fifteen or sixteen--there happened to be a whaler in the harbor there not far from where he lived in the village of Fazenzinha. Men of Fogo are fiery. My father was typical of his Island. It was this spirited nature that caused him at seventeen to leap from a tall cliff into the choppy North Atlantic near his home and swim to a ship anchored yards away from the shore. The whaler took him on board. From that day until the day he married my mother he followed the sea.

My father was tall and wiry. His light tan skin was bronzed by the sea, the wind, and the sun. His black eyes were penetrating and honest. He never flinched from looking another man straight in the eye. He appeared to be generally in a pensive mood. His hair, short-cropped and crisp, grew back from his high forehead on both sides and down to a widower's peak in the middle. I remember that he was tall and he stooped a little as he walked with a sort of--I hardly know how to describe it. There was a sort of lilt in his walking. He bent his knees a little in this rather peculiar gait. He did a great deal of walking so maybe the lilt that he developed was due to the fact that he tired less easily when he walked that way. Of course, the work that he did necessitated his doing a great deal of walking in the bogs where the workers were almost always on foot.

Father was a man who never drank anything strong. He didn't even drink anything like Coca-Cola or any effervescent kind of drink. He just didn't have a taste for that sort of thing. Whenever he drank anything, it was

sweetened water with a little lemon juice in it or tea with a lot of sugar in it, coffee possibly, but never any kind of liquor or drink that had a taint of alcohol in it. Although he smoked, he didn't dance. My mother was extremely fond of dancing, but whenever she danced with friends, with her brother at our christenings or whatever festive affairs we had in which dancing took place, my father never danced. My mother had to find another partner. He liked to play cards, however, and that was something that my mother didn't like because she felt that generally, in the playing of cards, arguments of one sort or another ensued and she was a person who hated any kind of dissension in the house. She used to hide the cards and sometimes I think she destroyed them so that my father wouldn't play so often. They used to play on long winter nights when my uncles came from the old country and there were several men in the house. They played not for money, but for beans of which they had a little cupful. They did their counting with the beans and you would have thought that the beans were dimes because they sometimes really carried on quite vociferously in their playing trying to keep count of who was ahead of whom. About the only frivolous thing that father ever engaged in, as I remember, was the playing of cards which he didn't have an opportunity to practice too frequently because my mother did not like to hear the arguments that oftentimes followed the playing. He was in total agreement, I believe, with almost every belief that the puritans ever had with regard to enjoying the different pleasures of life. As a result, we lived a rather penurious life when we were young. My father ate very little even when we had plenty to eat because he felt that one should never over-indulge in anything that gave you too much pleasure such as eating.

My father was a very intelligent man. He had served as interpreter in the courts for many of the Cape Verdeans who followed him to the Cape Cod

area. He spoke English with an accent, of course, but with a decidedly superior vocabulary. I remember that even when I was a student graduating from high school, there were some words in English, the meanings of which I did not know that my father knew. He was a very stern sort of a man. I suppose you would have called him a cruel man but I believe that most Cape Verdeans of that period could have been considered cruel in so far as their attitudes toward children were concerned. Since he had been schooled in the Cape Verde Islands in a strictly authoritarian kind of discipline, he carried that over to his children here in this country. He often told us that in the old country where he went to school for a very short period of time, just long enough to learn practically nothing more than the writing of his name--it was a Catholic school as public schools were not in existence at that time on the Cape Verdes--the priests used to punish them if they hadn't studied the lesson for the day or if they showed that they had not grasped the subject sufficiently well. They had a punishing instrument that they called the palmatoria which was something like a ruler, a wooden ruler with holes in it. When the student was beaten on the hand or wherever he was beaten with this ferrule, the holes would suck up the flesh to make the torture more excruciating. When he came to this country and he had occasion to discipline any of his children, he didn't have a palmatoria but he managed to have always hanging somewhere within close reach a strap with about eight thongs to it. He used to administer it, especially to the boys, when they showed any sort of obstreperousness or any lack of respect. For example, once I remember when we had gone out to play and had come in a little bit late, my brother was given a strapping after his pants were shed. Even to this day, I recall the whailing that he got and I hated my father for a long time after that. He used to insist that we all call him "sir" whenever we addressed him. At

home, even mother called him "sir." "Nho" Luis, she would say when addressing him. "Nho" is the dialect form of the Portuguese "senhor" which means "sir" or "mister." I shall never forget the day he asked me a question which I didn't hear clearly. I said, "What?" "What?" he repeated, "To whom are you speaking? When you speak to me, call me 'Nho.'" "Yes, sir" I answered. "What did you say, sir?" (Nhor sim, cuse nho fra?) That was typical of our relationship with my father.

After their marriage, Mother and Father lived in Providence. Life in Providence was anything but dull. . . Father had given up whaling and social activities in the small but growing Cape Verdean community kept them busy. There were visits and parties for the newly arrived. After the first year of their marriage, a son was born whom my mother named after her father, Teofilo Neves Leitao. Their first daughter, Eugenia, only lived two years. A number of factors then impelled my father to follow other Cape Verdeans who had straggled into the Cape Cod area. The death of their first daughter made them want to leave the site of their greatest pain. My mother's popularity led my father to look more favorably on a more secluded area as a residence. One of my mother's relatives on the Evora side, Manuel Martins, had joined the Protestant group in Providence and he and my mother were at constant odds. In addition, two of my mother's best friends who had been on the same ship with her from Brava, "Ti" Rosa Lopes and "Ti" Chica Bento had married men who had taken them to Cape Cod.

They set out then for the Cape but on the way they stopped in Wareham, the Gateway to Cape Cod as they call it. There were hardly any Cape Verdeans there at the time but my father stopped and stayed there for about two years. My second sister, Antoinette, was born in Wareham. They lived in a boarding house owned by an American woman of English origin, Mrs. Snell, in East Ware-

ham. Mrs. Snell treated my mother like a sister would have, but Mother had a hard time getting used to life in East Wareham because she had no neighbors with whom to discuss what was happening in the Islands. Except for the few letters she received from her own family in Brava, she had a hard time getting news from home.

Cranberry bogs were already an important source of employment. The Barkers and Briggs' owned extensive tracts within walking distance of the boarding house about six miles away. In the spring the men would roll the sand in wheel barrows to start new bogs. Some would plant the vines in the sand. Others weeded in the old bogs. Contrary to what some more modern Cape Verdeans have stated about contract labor from the Cape Verde Islands, the Cape Verdeans were never contracted from the Islands. They came to this country because at that time, before 1917, they could come in freely and they came. The moment they started coming to this country around the last decade or two of the nineteenth century, Cape Verdeans followed each other to this country. Brothers would send for brothers, sisters would send for brothers, and friends would come because they knew other friends had come. They found employment here in the factories, in the bogs, and on the boats cooking and doing odd jobs. They were never contracted to come from the Islands to work here on the bogs or anywhere else. They found their jobs after they got here. My father was one of those men who was often sent by the owners of cranberry bogs such as L.B.R. Barker on Cape Cod to recruit other Cape Verdeans who were already in New Bedford, but they were never contracted to come here from the Islands by the Americans who owned the bogs.

They lived in rough one-room shacks with a small kitchen where they had a wooden stove that burned wood or coal, but during the days when they were at the bogs, they never burned coal. They only burned wood. For cooking,

there was a very small kitchen and one other room that generally had bunks on two sides of the room. The bunks were generally double bunks so that one of those rooms would have probably what might be considered four beds. On each one of those bunks two generally slept and sometimes three people depending upon their size. Sometimes if there was a family with children, the mother, the father, and the child would sleep on the bunk or two men would sleep on a bunk. These bunks had no mattresses except the ones that were improvised from straw and some material like canvas. They slept on these bunks and did whatever amount of self-entertaining they could in the same room. If they played cards, they played in that room where they slept. If they danced, they danced in that small space. Whatever they did was done in the same room where the bunks were. In the fall, the men were recruited from New Bedford or neighboring towns if the cranberry season was pretty well over on the lower Cape but in Wareham, there were still bogs to be picked. A crew would go from Harwich, move into some shanty in the Wareham area if that's where they were needed at the time, and continued picking until the season was over in Wareham. They lived in Wareham in the same type of a shanty that they used when they picked cranberries in Harwich. Except for the owners of the few homes built in the area of the cranberry bogs or bought by Cape Verdeans who had come earlier in the 1890's and at the beginning of the 1900's, most people who went to pick lived in that type of a shanty.

Women and the children often picked by hand on their knees. There was also a machine like a box with metal teeth attached to a wooden section at the bottom. They used to put it through the vines and bring it up so that the berries would fall into the contraption. They were called cranberry machines. After, the cranberries were scooped up into the box part of the machine, then they were put into pails and then into crates. I believe that they were paid

more or less by the number of crates picked. The more capable or the more expert cranberry pickers used what was called a scoop. A scoop was a larger picker because it was made entirely of wood and it had spokes or long pointed "fingers" at the end. By just shoving it into the vines, the berries would fall into the scoop and from there you emptied them into your crate or into your pail, whatever was available.

When the Cape Verdeans came to this country, they had to find various ways of earning a living which didn't have to depend too much on the help of the Anglo-Americans. We did not know the language and we had a number of strikes against us. We were dark for the most part in a country where most people were, if not blondes, of light complexion. We were professed Catholics, especially undesirable in a section of the country that had been settled mostly by Protestants even though the Pilgrims and the Puritans were all Protestants who had left England in search of freedom of religion. We had religion against us, we had color against us, and of course, we were poor and that has never been an asset. One of the things we used to do was to pick mayflowers in the spring and sell them to the natives of the Cape, the white people who had first settled there and who appreciated having these wild flowers sold to them. They bought them because they smelled very sweet and they were beautiful. Early in the spring, I believe around the month of April, we'd go into the woods to pick mayflowers and try to sell them by the bunches. That was something in which the men very seldom indulged. Generally mothers and their children would pick mayflowers and try to sell them to the people of the community and nearby communities. But the real season for working out-of-doors began with strawberry picking. Oftentimes we'd go to a place like Falmouth and other sections of the Cape where some large strawberry plantations had been started. We would pick strawberries from about four o'clock in the

morning until about eleven o'clock or so, generally before noon because at that time when the sun is high and hot the strawberries tend to crush easily. We had to get up very early in the morning almost before daybreak, because in those days we had no daylight saving time and it began to be light around four o'clock in the morning. That was about the time we'd be out in the strawberry fields when the ground was still wet with dew. We'd get out and pick strawberries on our knees and fill the boxes. They paid us at the rate of two cents a box. Generally, we had all the strawberries we wanted to eat and our fare consisted oftentimes very largely of strawberries with sugar on them and hardtack. After the strawberry season that lasted until the middle of June or even towards the end of June came the blueberry season.

Summer was for picking blueberries. The woods on the way to the cranberry bogs abounded in them. The berries were sold to the boarding houses and to neighbors who did not care to indulge in such back-breaking activities. Or they were taken to the center and sold to the more affluent homes. The money wasn't much, but it helped to keep body and soul together until cranberry-picking time. Now, to pick blueberries in those days all you had to do was to go into the woods. There were certain areas that were well known for the productivity of blueberries. Generally, the regions where there had been a fire the year before produced the best blueberries. Sometimes we used to think the fires were set on purpose by someone who had picked there the year before towards the end of the blueberry season so that the ashes would fertilize the soil for the next year's picking. We used to go picking blueberries in the month of July and wherever we thought that there was a good crop of blueberries in the woods we moved into that area. We sometimes went to live in shanties, other times some very good, friendly Cape Verdean would allow us to use some of the rooms in their house during that season. Sometimes there were

some little houses for sale or rent that they allowed us to rent during the blueberry picking season. We would start out as early as two o'clock in the morning when my mother used to wake us up. We had probably gone to bed about six o'clock even though it was light, but at two o'clock, we had to be in the woods before the sun was ready to come out. In blueberry picking, we couldn't stay out in the middle of the day when it was too hot. If there was any trace of light in the sky when we got to the woods, we were ready to start picking blueberries. I remember my mother used to say "terral ja risca" (there were traces of light in the sky) and we would start picking as soon as we could see the berries. The first blueberries grew almost flat to the ground. Those of us who were too young to really pick a whole pailful would be given a small pail. In those days, lard used to come in pails of different sizes. We would have one of those little pails tied around our stomachs by some kind of a belt. The moment our pail was full or nearly full, mother would empty it into a larger pail or into her own pail. That's how we picked. If you found a place that was especially rich in blueberries, you generally kept it a pretty big secret so that other people wouldn't try to come into your territory. When a large measure such as my mother used to carry that might contain from four to eight quarts was filled, she would put it under some tree where it would be shaded, or she would use a piece of a sheet or something to put over a bush to give it shade so the sun wouldn't overheat the berries and cause them to become soft. She would leave it there under the shade, and a flag was raised at that point too so that we wouldn't lose the position of the spot where the blueberries were left in our wandering around the area in search of more blueberries. This took us through the month of August because the early blueberries were the low growing real blueberries. Later in the season in August, there came what they used to call the bush blueberries--

blueberries that grew on a bush from three to four feet tall. They were also very good blueberries and blue in color. There were other blueberries that were almost black in color, some low growing ones and some that were not so low growing. There was a type of blueberry that we used to call the huckleberry that we generally avoided because although they were good to eat and sweet, they had two or three coarse seeds in them and were too seedy really to be marketable. We seldom picked and we never sold the huckleberry. Generally it was just the blueberries that we picked because we could sell them and they made the best pies that mother always used to bake from some of the berries we picked. At about noon, we'd start home or we'd have our lunch in the woods because we had been gone since before daybreak. In fact, this was a second meal at noontime because I think we had a little something around seven or eight o'clock in the morning, probably some bufongo or some crackers and maybe a few of the blueberries that we had already picked and something to drink. We had a bottle of water with us and mother always took some sugar so that we could sprinkle it on the berries or we'd make some sweetened water and drink that with our crackers and blueberries. We'd leave the woods and go back to the house where my oldest sister, as a rule, had been left with the children who were too small to go berry picking. The journey was not altogether unpleasant and during that time, we had a horse. We would all get into our buggy. I remember it had at least one seat in the front for my father who drove the horse, my mother, and the smallest of the children who could fit anywhere at all. There were at least three others who sat in the back seat. We had to straddle the pails full of blueberries as well as we could on the return home. By that time, since we had been on our feet for quite a few hours from before daybreak to about eleven o'clock with very little respite, we were ready to sit down in our fringeless surrey, you might say, and travel

the miles back to our shanty.

When we got home my mother and father and my oldest sister would pick over the berries. They'd pick out the stems that may have been gathered in the picking, any green berries that may have been collected, and any that were deficient in any way so that the berries would be marketable. They made a good appearance so that father would have no trouble selling them. He would go to the center of the town if we were in the neighborhood of Harwich, East Harwich, or South Harwich. Harwich was the principal center of the more affluent residents of that area. Father would take his big pail and a quart measure with him. He drove his horse to this area and got off his buggy to go to the homes and ask if anyone wanted to buy blueberries. They sold them for something like ten cents a quart when I was about eight years old or so. Most people would really be glad to buy the blueberries at ten cents a quart. They had spent no time in the hot sun bending on the ground to pick these berries, they looked good, they had been picked over, and they were not too expensive. He did not have too much trouble selling them. Once in a while there would be someone who would give him a brusque "No" for an answer and sometimes he would be discouraged by the yelping of dogs that were not too friendly. There were times, too, when there were some children who would see him coming in with his blueberries and would start shouting "nigger" or some other equally undesirable epithet to him as he went from door to door trying to peddle his berries. I remember that my father would tell us his experiences of the day when he would return, and he would say that when these children shouted "nigger" to him he'd say "Kiss the nigger's . . .", I don't need to tell you what part of the anatomy he referred to. That did not discourage him or deter him from selling blueberries and generally we were able to get along pretty well. At least we were able to keep body and soul together.

Towards winter the men cut wood by the cord for the wood-consuming stoves of the period. The going rate was a dollar a day. They would go into the woods to chop the trees and then cut them into lengths for the cord pile. The wood, further cut and split at home, would then serve to feed the pot-bellied heaters to keep the house warm or they filled the black iron stove with nickel trimmings for the cooking. In the winter father cut ice from the ponds along with other men. The blocks of ice, stored in ice houses, insulated with sawdust, kept iceboxes supplied during the summer.

With all this activity, father had no time to get bored, but mother did. Surrounded by people who spoke an alien tongue, had alien diversions, ate alien food, she was miserable. Besides, she was pregnant again. As good as Mrs. Snell was, Mother hated the thought of going through the pregnancy and childbirth using sign language. So in less than two years, they moved from East Wareham to East Harwich. When we left Wareham and went to live in East Harwich father was lucky enough to find an old house with eight acres of land for sixty dollars which he bought. We lived there until I was eight years old. There my mother used to raise her vegetables and she had a child every year and a half. We're all about a year and a half apart. Since she liked working out in the fields but never liked housework, often she would work with a baby tied to her back very much the way Indian women tied their papooses to their backs when they worked or went anywhere. She raised corn, beans, turnips, squash, peas, potatoes, and in the fall since she had a number of apple trees, we used to pack the apples in barrels and put them in the cellar to use during the winter. She used to salt a pig or two that were always killed in the fall and make linguiça which is pork meat that has been cut up and well-seasoned with vinegar and salt. It was cured and stuffed into the intestines after they had been well washed. The choriço was also made from other parts

of the intestines that had been well washed out and placed in vinegar and salt overnight to remove any kind of taste or smell. They were stuffed with the blood of the pig in which rice had been cooked. I don't know what other seasoning she put in it but that was called chorição. We used to have chorição for breakfast very often with couscous or bufongo and we often had the linguiça for breakfast. Linguiça was always more of a delicacy than the chorição because it was made from the real meat of the pig whereas the chorição was made from the blood and rice.

Mother had a large wooden mortar that was sent to her from Brava that we call the pilõ. Since it was a custom in the Cape Verde Islands to make corn grits by pounding the corn in this large mortar with a heavy pestle, she wanted to do the same thing here so that her mother sent a pilõ upon her request. She used to make one of the principal dishes of our diet from this process when I was a child, manchupa, as we called it, kachupa as some Cape Verdeans from other Islands called it. It was made out of hard, dried corn that had been pounded in this mortar. The corn was hulled and the little husks had been sifted through a screen we used to call a balai. It covered the bottom of a round wooden circle in which my mother used to shake the pounded corn up and down so that the husks would go through the hole in the screen at the bottom and only the kernels of corn would be left. That was the chief ingredient in this dish that was very common in our home and was one of the favorite dishes of all Cape Verdeans, manchupa or kachupa. It was cooked either with salt pork or with other parts of the pig, the pig's ears, the pig's knuckles, the pig's tail. There was practically no part of the pig that wasn't used. Manchupa included onions and beans, generally lima beans. The other dish that we had equally often was what we called jagacida. It was made generally with lima beans, onion, and rice.

Before going to school, I remember playing with our neighbors in East Harwich where I was born. The neighbor on one side of us was Anglo-American, the Holmes family, and as I remember there were four girls in that family. The neighbors to the south were Cape Verdeans. They lived about a quarter of a mile from us. That was the Antone family. To the east was eight acres of land but no neighbors. To the north was another Anglo-American family, the Eldridge family. I remember that Beatrice Eldridge was the only daughter they had. She was about the same age as my sister, Antoinette, and went to school with her. Mrs. Eldridge was nice to us as were all the neighbors. She taught my mother how to bake American goodies like pies and gingerbread, how to make baked beans and all that sort of thing. Oftentimes, she called on someone in the family to sit with her daughter when she was left alone for any reason--a babysitter. The Holmes family had children too, four children, so that some of them were about my own age and we used to play with them around their house. I remember playing with them in their yard once when we came to a place where all of us used to dump trash or whatever accumulated in the house. While fooling around the trash heap there, I found a gold dollar, the first and only one I've ever seen in my entire life. It was a bright, very tiny, gold coin that shone there in Mr. Walter's trash and I picked it up and gave it to my oldest brother. He had a necktie pin made out of it. The Antone family had five children. There were two girls and three boys and we played with them also even though my mother was never on such intimate terms with Mrs. Antone. The children weren't so very good in school, but then, since my brother and sister both headed the entire class when they went to school, there was no other child in the school who really could compare with them so far as scholastic achievements were concerned.

When we were little children, I remember my father very often was work-

ing somewhere else and we were left alone with my mother. There were always many other brothers and sisters. Every year and a half, there was a new person in the house. My mother had to do all of the work in and outside the house--things like feeding the pigs and milking the cow and working in the garden, planting and harvesting the vegetables. She did all of that along with the help of the children. Since she was on very intimate terms with the Lopes family, my mother would lead her cow by a rope along with the children and we'd all traipse over to "Ti" Rosa's house to spend the night. Mother had to take the cow because we were supposed to milk it every morning and every night.

I have a picture of her yet, leading the cow by the rope and all of us traipsing behind her to visit "Ti" Rosa. When we got there, they used to feed us whatever there was, generally manchupa or rice and beans also cooked with pork, and whatever vegetables were in season, and possibly some omelette that was made to go much farther when flour was added. Flour, water, and milk made quite an omelette so that everybody could have a little piece. Occasionally, we had meat but not too often. Generally, we had the meat in the winter time when they killed the pig and then salted a good part of it or put the rest in the cellar where it was quite cold. We ate meat practically all winter long. There was always a season for killing the pig and all the neighbors used to help each other with the lurid task with all the squealing and squeaking. That is really all I remember about my childhood on the Cape.

We lived on good terms with our neighbors. We didn't feel any prejudice at that age at any rate. We were living in the country where the houses were not too close to each other and we didn't get into each other's way too much. I didn't experience any form of discrimination up to the age of eight while we were living on the lower Cape. It was when we went to live in East Wareham

that I began to see little differences sometimes, and some of the white children got angry at us when we had some kind of a squabble of any kind and they might say "nigger" or "You're a nigger" or some such thing. Until that time, I don't remember having met with anything like that when I was a child.

I might add that we had no phonograph, radio didn't exist at the time, we had no kind of musical instrument in the house and people hadn't dreamed about any of the modern forms of amusement like television. I don't even know if they had moving pictures in those days but if they did, they were too far away from any place where they could be seen. But my mother used to entertain us with stories at night. Almost every night she would gather us around her and tell us the story of "Ti" Lobo and Chubinha, kind of a Brer Rabbit. I don't know whether "Ti" Lobo was a rabbit or whether he was a wolf or a bear. Whatever he was, he was some kind of an animal in this folklore and Chubinha was another who always outwitted him. There were many, many stories. My youngest uncle, Manuel, who came to the United States afterwards, was especially famous for telling stories about "Ti" Lobo and Chubinha. In addition to the "Ti" Lobo stories my mother used to tell us very romantic stories, like "Princesa Magalona e o filho do rei de Napoles." Princess Magalona married the son of the king of Naples. I don't know when Naples was a kingdom but anyhow, at that time the story was set. We'd beg her again and again, "Mother, tell us the story of Princesa Magalona and the son of the king of Naplea" and she'd go on with the story. Another romantic story she used to tell us and some of the tales others used to tell us were taken from the book, A Thousand and One Nights. Neither my father nor mother knew how to read or write except for their own names but other people who came to the house like my uncles knew how to read and write. Other than the story-telling, our amusements were attending christenings. When all of the neighbors from near and far were in-

vited to the christening, then we had a dance and we'd serve canja at night, a thick chicken soup, and crackers and anything else my mother could prepare and we'd dance from night until morning. Even the young children, not too young of course, but those who were ten years old or so, would be allowed to stay up as late as they could stay awake.

There were always some Cape Verdean men who played the violin, the guitar, and the viola. Those are the three principal pieces, rabeca, guitarra, violão. The violão is a Cape Verdean guitar. There were always the three pieces and there were always some Cape Verdean men in the communities where we lived who could play. Whenever there was going to be a christening they called upon these musicians. Sometimes we couldn't get the violin player, but generally we had one. In those days, some Cape Verdean would learn how to play the violin. When we didn't have a violin player, we generally had an accordion player. He would play all night long. They played the mazurka which we hear people talk about but which isn't played at dances today. The mazurka, the polka, the waltz, and what we called then the travessado. The travessado is really the morna. When I was young, we used to call it the travessado. You go from one side to the other side, first two steps this way and two steps that way and that was the travessado. The travessado was a slow dance, a dreamy type of dance. The morna is a dreamy type of music, very sentimental. It was a dance naturally suited for people who were in love. If you weren't in love, the dances that appealed to you were those in which they swung you around like a whirlwind. . . polkas, and waltzes. The faster you could go to the right or to the left, the better dancer you were supposed to be. You were anxious to display your ability as a dancer and you would want to dance the polka or the waltz.

The only other time when we got together except for an occasional wedding

celebrated with a dance and feasting, were the times when we attended a wake. Every wake was also an occasion for the whole community's getting together to mourn the dead for several days in succession. It wasn't exactly a happy occasion except for the moments when we started the storytelling. Neighbors would cook canja or bake and fry dozens of bufongos to have with coffee. Wine was passed around and sometimes stronger drinks for the men. There would be the expected wailing on the part of the women. Some of the wailers sounded as if they were singing a sort of monotonous religious chant. Almost always there was a leader with a reputation for crying the best guisa. She had to have a good, strong voice, carry a tune and at the same time, improvise, citing the merits of the deceased as she chanted. The wake was no success without her. After midnight, generally, the story telling began. By that time, the bereaved and those who came to mourn had ceased their demonstrations. During the night, you stayed there watching the dead as it were. They call this the vigília in Portuguese. In Spanish they call it the velada. You sat there with the dead person in the same room all night. The Creoles used to do it and some people stayed from morning until night. Even to this day, I went to a funeral about six weeks ago and there were two old men who stayed up all night long. The body wasn't there because now they usually take it to a funeral parlor. Because they were about ninety years old and because it was a custom in their time to sit up all night with a dead person in the room, the old men still sat up all night long at this wake. Those were the occasions when we got together and enjoyed our friends.

A PROFILE OF THE PORTUGUESE WOMAN OF MINEOLA

Cynthia Rendeiro and Guilhermina Serrado
Mineola School District
Mineola, Long Island

Background - G. Serrado

Would you tell us the origin of the Portuguese community in Mineola?

According to the old-timers, the first Portuguese to settle in Mineola were men who ventured out from New Bedford, Mass., in the Portuguese tradition of exploration. But their journey was in search of better opportunities. So in the spring of 1921, Mr. Antonio Paes and Mr. Manuel Luzio, both from continental Portugal, set out for New York. At the time they were both unemployed. Hearing rumors of a booming job market in New York, they found themselves in an employment agency where they were both given construction jobs for the astronomical fee of $5.00. While working in Manhattan, they heard of more work in a place called Mineola. As they related this story to me they laughed about the terrible time they had trying to locate Mineola. No one knew where it was or how to get there. Americans whom they asked for directions would laugh and say that it wasn't even on the map.

Was Mineola what they expected?

Mineola wasn't all that they expected. It was a tiny village of about seven thousand people surrounded by potato fields. It was much less inviting than New Bedford. They found the people unfriendly, never having heard of the Portuguese. Mineola was predominantly Polish, Italian, and Irish. They were unaccepting of the new immigrants. Finding work, they spent the spring and summer in Mineola and returned to New Bedford for the winter.

How did the others come to Mineola?

In 1924, Mr. Paes and Mr. Luzio returned to Mineola with five additional new settlers. They were John Alves (my father), Alexandre Cambria, José

Teixeira (my uncle), Justino Lopes, and his son António Lopes, (my uncle by marriage).

Did the men have any problems or encounter prejudices?

They encountered many problems and prejudices. They were not allowed to congregate and were questioned by passing policemen while waiting for the trolley. Even a simple act like waiting on the corner to be picked up by the company truck caused problems. Also, due to the difficulty in finding housing because no one would rent to them, Mr. Paes started his own boarding house. All the men lived there. They took turns cooking and sharing all of the duties of keeping house.

When did the women start coming to Mineola?

The women first arrived in 1924. They were the wives of Antonio Paes and Antonio Lopes. They helped with the boarding house and set up new ones, most of which were on Jefferson Avenue. By this time, more men were arriving in Mineola. A local newspaper printed a warning to women residents to avoid walking through Jefferson Avenue because of the boarding houses.

What was the first Portuguese business?

Besides the boarding houses, which furnished room and board, there was Jaime's Grocery store on Jefferson Avenue. I remember going there for my mother to buy loose rice and spaghetti and getting a bag full of candy for a few pennies.

Why did the men form a club?

As the colony grew, its need for a central social place led to the

formation of a Portuguese Club. Meetings were first held in the homes, then in store fronts, and much later in their own building in the now established Portuguese American Club. It has been in existence since 1936.

What were the women doing at this time?

Women at this time, regardless of cultural background, held a subordinate position. But because of financial need, the Portuguese women ventured out into the working world. They were important in helping their families to survive. The women also became socially organized by creating a Ladies Auxiliary to the Portuguese Club. Their hard work at fund raising was vital at the time their own building was being constructed. To this date, the Ladies Auxilary is an integral part of the community.

How many of the original settlers are still in Mineola?

Of the first seven original settlers, two remain in Mineola. Two have moved away and are in retirement, and three have passed away. I am proud to say that the Portuguese in Mineola have always been honest, law abiding citizens and an asset to their community. They have enhanced the beauty of Mineola by turning old homes into colorful picturesque houses, improving property, and adding to the economy of the village. They are peaceful neighbors with a profound pride in both their heritage and their adopted country.

Mineola Today - C. Rendeiro

The Portuguese Community in Mineola today numbers in the area of 7,000 people. There are several businesses providing many different services. Some of these shops are either owned or managed by women.

The majority of women work, most of them being employed in factories, as domestics, baby-sitters and in hospitals. In many cases, women working in factories also hold part-time cleaning jobs they go to at night or on week-ends. The more modern jobs such as that of secretaries are held by the more "modern" women, those who were able to get some education in the U.S. and speak English like a native. There are few women who have arrived with professions from Portugal. But even they are now working in menial jobs here due to either lack of English language skills or certification in the U.S. or both.

The working women of Mineola are helping their families to survive much as their predecessors did in the early 1920's. They are also part-time housekeepers and mothers. They lose their children to baby-sitters so that they might help bring in an extra salary.

There is no organized women's group outside of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Club. I don't think they have much time for anything else after they have finished work, kept house, cared for husband and children and completed their errands.

Some of the women retain their old customs even in dress. And some are quick to adapt. But no matter how they dress, in their faces and in their hearts they are in some way always Portuguese.

Interviewing young people throughout Mineola, I was somewhat surprised. Many still hold the traditional view that a woman is wife, mother, cook, housekeeper and errand boy. But I also found many high school girls who added to this concept. They felt that they had a choice to go into a profession, to go on to college and to create businesses of their own before settling down.

Portuguese women in Mineola have always been slightly behind their

American counterparts in social status partially because they come from a country which itself has been behind its European neighbors. This is not to say that they are staying in that background forever. There is an awful lot going on in the minds of the young women coming up through school and they are certainly going places.

A Personal View - G. Serrado

Did you have any problems as a child when you came to Mineola?

With every group of settlers there is also a group of children that either comes with them or is born in their new home. I was a child of the first group of settlers to come to Mineola. As one of the original settlers I too encountered difficulties. I was born in New Bedford, Mass., but when I was a little girl my mother became ill, so she returned to Madeira Island. She took my brother and me with her. When I returned to Mineola years later, still in my teens, I was a foreigner in my own country. I couldn't speak English, therefore I was different. I went through all the frustrations that the non-English speaking students go through today. But I didn't have all the wonderful advantages the children have now. There were no bilingual programs nor ESL classes. I was put into a regular classroom and, sink or swim, it was up to me. The words around me were just sounds. I was frightened and alone. The students stared at me with blank faces. Some weren't too friendly. But I'll never forget my first teacher; she made a terrific impression on me. She was an angel. She must have sensed my fears because every time she passed my seat she would put her arm around me and say something which I didn't understand. But I knew by her actions that she was

saying something nice. Her name was Miss Thomas.

What did you do after school?

When I got home from school I had to clean the house and do the cooking. My mother went to work in a doll factory on Jackson Avenue. When I look back now I wonder how my family ever survived my first cooking. I remember one day my father told me to fry sardines. I asked him if I should fry all of them. He said yes. So I put all of the sardines in the pan at the same time and fried them. What a mess that was! When my father got home he didn't reprimand me, he just explained that I was to fry a few sardines at a time. And so, with a few stews turning into soups, I learned to cook at a very tender age. Today I like to consider myself a good cook.

What did you do in your leisure time?

I did a lot of studying. I lost count of the books that I translated. As far as liberty was concerned, I had none. I led a very sheltered life. I couldn't go out to play or go out after dark. Girls in my day were kept very strict. I was a "girl", so I had to sew and crochet. My mother was always finding new places for doilies for me to make. When I got older I used to kid my parents that the reason that I didn't grow was because I didn't get enough exercise. I was a good, but sometimes lonely, little girl.

How do you feel concerning your childhood?

I have very tender memories concerning my childhood. My father was a firm believer in exposing us to culture. Every weekend my parents would pack a lunch and off we'd go in our Chevy to the city. He took us to museums, aquariums, zoos, and Coney Island. You name it, we saw it. We did everything

together as a family. My father enjoyed it as much as we did. He also made me understand the importance of maintaining my Portuguese heritage which I, in turn, transferred to my children.

Would you tell us something about yourself today?

I have three grown children. I am a grandmother, and I work as a bi-lingual teacher aide in the Mineola Junior High School. I am still a member of the Portuguese American Club Ladies Auxiliary and I am active in civic affairs. I serve as a translator in the Nassau County Courts. Right now, I am active in the swine flu immunization program. My hobbies are reading, oil painting, sewing and crocheting. I am acculturated to the country of my birth and a somewhat liberated woman. Well, maybe not too liberated for I am married to a Portuguese man.

Growing up as a Luso American - C. Rendeiro

Growing up as a Luso American was somewhat different for me. My parents had been in the U.S. for several years and had become naturalized. They were already familiar with the American lifestyle. Also, having a brother ten years older broke through many barriers I wouldn't have been able to alone.

The most outstanding memory I hold from all my childhood is that of always doing things as a family. I felt so proud getting in the car with my brothers on Sundays and going on some kind of family outing. My parents were very proud of their new country and wanted to instill that pride in their children.

But never was our heritage forgotten. We were all raised speaking, reading and writing Portuguese, eating Portuguese food and carrying out the customs and traditions.

As I grew older and found myself wanting to be as socially active as my peers, the problems began. "Social life" to my parents was definitely nothing to compare with that of my school friends. Very often I found myself "stuck" cooking, cleaning or ironing when I really wanted to be out playing or partying.

High School was the biggest problem. Dating and co-ed parties never showed up on my calendar. But some of this loss was quickly replaced by attending Portuguese social functions with my folks and spending many happy hours partying with family or close friends.

The greatest conflict I encountered was in the hostility I received from other American students. Because there were so many more Portuguese students arriving and the beginning of ESL classes, I found myself interpreting for them and eventually spending most of my free time in school with them. This caused my American friends to shut me out from all of their activities. They wanted nothing to do with my strange-speaking and sometimes strange looking new associates. I also began to find more and more annoyance in their ignorance of Portugal and its culture. Being considered as "Porto Rican" or "something like Spanish" angered me as never before. I later learned to either teach them the "truth" or understand their lack of knowledge without blame.

However restricted my life may have been, nothing could completely undo my cultural ties. That is why I founded the Portuguese-American Club of Mineola High School, was a student aide in the ESL program, worked to have Portuguese taught in the school and always felt excitement in attending the local community social functions. In college I have continued studying Portuguese and am now employed in Mineola to work with the Portuguese community.

Looking back on my childhood, I can't imagine how I or my parents ever made it through all the problems. We both had to cope with double standards. I lived in a Portuguese home in an American society. The clashes at times were too sharp. But at the same time I am very glad it happened that way because it has made me appreciate my heritage and given me very deep roots from which to grow strongly. Today, I am determined to raise my children in much the same way as my parents raised all of us.

Although I was brought up in a fairly traditional home, the idea of "you're a girl so you can't do it" didn't often come up. It was more an excuse for not allowing me to do something when all other reasons failed.

Being older now, and perhaps closer to being a parent myself, I can better understand why they raised me as they did. Maybe they couldn't give up their roots completely or maybe they didn't want to lose their children to this strange new country. Whichever the case may be, if it weren't for my Portuguese home, I wouldn't be here today.

THE PORTUGUESE FEMALE IMMIGRANT: "MARGINAL MAN" PAR EXCELLENCE

Professor M. Estellie Smith
State University of New York
Oswego, New York

Almost 50 years ago a concept was introduced which was so powerful in its imagery and evocative qualities that it became a basic term in the scientific literature and quickly found a place in the vocabulary of the lay public as well. Both term and description were conceived by Robert Park, a major figure in American sociology who, in a seminal paper, discussed the effects of 'Human migration...'. He focused on a type which, in the climate of the times, was androcentrically defined as 'the marginal man' and was portrayed as follows:

> [This was] a man living and sharing intimately in the culture, life and traditions of two distinct peoples; never quite willing to break, even if he were permitted to do so, with his past and his traditions, and not quite accepted...in the new society in which he sought to find a place. He was a man on the margin of two cultures and two societies, which never completely interpenetrated and fused
>
> ...[T]he conflict of cultures...is just the conflict of the'divided self,' the old self and the new. And frequently there is no satisfying issue of this conflict, which often terminates in a profound disillusionment...wavering between the warm security of the ghetto... and the cold freedom of the outer world, in which he is not yet quite at home...
>
> Something of the same sense of moral dichotomy and conflict is probably characteristic of every immigrant during the period of transition, when old habits are being discarded and new ones are not yet formed. It is inevitably a period of inner turmoil and intense self-consciousness (1928:88-9, italics mine).

This vivid and dramatic picture of the immigrant caught the imagination of scholars. It was representative of the internal strain and external stress which perhaps all of us experience in a new setting - say, when we change neighborhoods or start another job. It reminded some of the trauma they or their parents had faced when they came to America; and it allowed others to empathized with and expand upon the difficulties which immigrants have to face but with which they personally were unfamiliar.

Without any intent to minimize the importance of Park's original contribution it must be stated that, as others have pointed out (Green, 1947-1948;

Golovensky, 1951), the model has certain weaknesses. As has already been indicated, it was biased by certain assumptions and these biases become particularly obvious when one tries to apply it to an analysis of the immigrant female since Park stresses the perspective that immigrant life was male dominated, male focussed, and that the primary goal of this male was to conform to the new system in which he found himself.

Further, for Park (and most others) marginality was basically undesirable. A marginal man is schizophrenic man. He is never completely whole at any given time and is torn by conflicting norms, thus giving full allegiance to none. A marginal individual is never at home in one sphere or the other - he is simply 'on the fence' always apart, never integrated.

Thus, however long the period an individual defines himself and/or is so categorized as 'immigrant', so long will the host society treat as a social fact the maladjustment of fit that must characterize his interactions with the macrosystem.

These viewpoints have had important repercussions and not a few programs have been formulated to facilitate immigrant assimilation predicated on the emphasis placed on the negatively marginal male; on the propositions that traditional patterns and the new setting are, to a large extent, disconsonant; and that this dissonance would be minimized or eliminated when the immigrant adapted, with the male being the locus of and the key to understanding those adaptations.

Unfortunatly, this position is too bounded since it explains both too much and too little. Further, it represents only one type of reality. Negative marginality and the conflict it produces does exist and exists to such an extent that it affects not only immigrants but every human being at

some time or another. All of us have had moments at which we feel on the edge of things, on the fringe, left out, not fully understanding 'what the joke is and why everybody else is laughing'. It is, in fact, one of the tragedies of life in the modern mega-state that citizens of those mammoth structures often feel marginal to the dynamic mainstream of economic or political vectors. We not occasionally feel that 'they' are really controlling everyone's life, that 'they' belong to some clique, cabal, or in-group from which we are excluded and to which we are marginal.

But few of us live in a constant or even significant state of marginality. Whatever 'normalcy' really is, one way it may be defined is as a state in which individuals and societies have a derived potential for positive feedback - 'things are OK and we're going to make it.'

The concept of the marginal man is similar to the Hollywood types of the Good Guys and the Bad Guys; they are really only ideal types, used to simplify the presentation of a drama. This archetype of negative marginality, however, minimizes positive factors (though Park does mention this) and skews the fact that it is possible to see differences as something other than paradoxical and thus <u>conflicting</u>. Differences may also be seen as <u>complementary</u> - as opening up alternatives, offering different choices in different situations, maximizing possible options. This paper will stress the latter focus.

It has been the current upsurge of research with immigrants in various parts of the world that has led scholars to re-examine the entire process of migration. The resulting data have emphasized that, in order to understand the dynamics of population movements, one must take a broad historical view, use a holistic perspective, and weigh all participants equally - men and women, young and old, those who leave, those who stay, and those who are the hosts.

Viewed from this vantage point it is easy to see that women - and in this case Portuguese women particularly - play an extremely important role in the migratory process. This is true even when they themselves are not emigrants.

Thus, it is important to begin our study not with the newly arrived but with the background to departure, and all of those involved in the departure. Whatever happens to an individual in the new locale is the result of vectors which are set into motion long before that person ever leaves home. Emigration is an individualized act but the decision to move - how, when, where, what, and why - is determined by many personnel and structured by complex forces (cf., Petersen, 1958).

In tracing the lengthy operation, beginning in some cases many years before departure takes place (and, for some of my respondents, still on-going), I found over and over again that women were not simply the passive stay-at-homes, or the docile followers of their menfolk. Nor were they isolated and fearful homebodies in a hostile new setting, or keepers of the flame of tradition. I found that for every woman who was prompted by the male and followed willingly or regretfully, there were two who resisted and forced him to remain where he was; and there were 5 who had been the initiators of the idea, mothers, sisters, wives or daughters who worked at cajoling or pressuring males into taking the lead, or forcing them, reluctantly, to make the move. Women were often the pushers, the naggers, the needlers, the schemers, the manipulators, the innovators, the security blankets, and the teachers. All of this becomes especially interesting when one considers that Portugal is supposedly a classic example of the male-dominated society.

And this leads me to emphasize three caveats. First, I am trying to redress an imbalance. I am not arguing that males are passive, non-innovative,

to gain their own ends; and the degree to which it is friends and kin of the female who perform valuable and necessary functions.

In case number one Mr. J was the owner of a small business in a town close enough to Ponta Delgada to be considered a suburb of the city. When her only son was about 14, Mrs. J began to express concern that the time would come that he would be 'taken from her' to fight the African wars. Despite strong resistance on the part of Mr. J and three female children, the family finally emigrated. Mrs. J won the day just prior to her son's 18th birthday, and all agree it was due to her doleful manners, constant complaints, and series of minor illnesses because, 'like any good mother' she was getting sicker and sicker with worry. Mr. J and the children point to the fact that, loving and honoring Mrs. J in her status as wife/mother, they had to respect her concern, cater to her 'natural fears' and recognize the legitimacy of her argument that the family name must be preserved.

Importantly, the U.S. city in which they now live was chosen because Mrs. J's favorite cousin, who had emigrated many years before, is now an important member of the Roman Catholic clergy in that locale. It was he who arranged for housing, work for the husband, and schools for the children prior to their arrival.

Case number two concerns Amalia P. Born in this country during the depression of the 1930's, she and her family returned to the islands shortly after her birth because jobs were not available for her parents and her grandfather had died leaving a small farm. The post-war boom of the 1950's again attracted Mr. P, and the entire family returned to the United States using Amalia's status as a natural citizen of this country to gain entry. Later, a maternal aunt wished her son to emigrate, and so Amalia was pressured by her parents into an arranged marriage with a cousin whom she had never seen

in order to facilitate his entry. Even now, 12 years after the marriage, Amalia still resents it and the way she was used by the older generation to further achievement of their goals.

In the last case, Mrs. R longed to leave the Azores because friends and relatives in Brazil wrote her constantly of the good life they were living in a place where 'times were good and there was as much land as any farmer would want.' She and her husband discussed the move,and after several years of vacillation he agreed to emigrate - the delay having been caused by his concern about learning new agricultural techniques.

Unfortunately, Mrs. R soon realized that, for her, the move to Brazil had been a mistake. To be sure, there was land aplenty, but it was frontier land, isolated and remote. As she put it, "It wasn't the lack of neighbors, though that was bad. And I worried about schools and hospitals, but that could change. But there wasn't any church! I never even got to see people on Sunday! And no confession, or communion, or way to pray at the altar!"

Finally, she convinced her husband to let her take the children and visit her brother and his family in Toronto. Once there, she obtained a job and took the status of illegal immigrant rather than return to her husband in Brazil. Lonely, confused and unable to manage the house and the ranch chores, Mr. R finally joined his wife and children.

Their status as immigrants has now been regularized and both are working, Mr. R doing highly paid construction work. He deeply regrets leaving Brazil and giving up the 'independence of a farmer's life.' He often speaks of the day that he and his wife will buy a farm in rural Ontario. Privately, Mrs. R told me that she liked her present life and had no intention of ever allowing the family 'to move back to the hard work and loneliness of farm life'.

The significance of the female in the three cases just discussed is not unique. For example, data from one study revealed that in 85% of my cases (N=127; 85%=108) a female either instigated the move or gave it strong support; in only 15% of the cases (=19) was a move made despite her objections. Further, a majority of the moves (=66) was made to locales where the female had kin and the male had none, giving strong support to the hypothesis that the female's connections are a significant variable in determining locale.

The data also reveal that women are important in ways other than 'simply' determining whether to move, when, and where. They are the ones who do the major share of the planning and arranging that must begin <u>after</u> the decision has been made but <u>prior</u> to emigration. Most of the leg work (literally!) is done by women. They are the ones who walk, hitchhike in from isolated rural areas, or take interminable bus trips so as to spend interminable waits in offices to get papers written, papers signed, certificates prepared, and documents stamped. They must track down information to give, and find out what information is needed.

The process of leaving a community is just as difficult as joining a new one, and many arrangements must be made, many loose ends must be tied up, many friends and kin must be reassured that the absence will not sever close ties. Often financial aid must be obtained; furniture and valuables must be shipped or stored; arrangements must be made to care for elderly parents or other kin, for houses, lands, graves and even occasionally the collection of rents.

All of these tasks fall primarily on the women for, it is argued, men cannot take time from their work, especially at a time when finances are crucial. So it is up to women to perform these countless tasks, the waiting and the wading through the bureaucratic morass. Obviously, during this period

the female is more intimately, immediately and constantly reminded that she is no longer occupying a stable niche but is marginal to old and new, past and furture. She is operating in two worlds for familiar, routine tasks must still be performed but are now minimized in importance because new patterns of 'planning for tomorrow' are equally important or become paramount.

Again, even when dealing with case histories of single male immigrants, conversations revealed that it was women - mothers, sisters, aunts, female cousins, godmothers - who bore a large burden of the departure arrangements. As Joe P. put it, "It wasn't only that Mama was the one who wanted me to move; she was the one who set everything up for me, fought the government, got the papers signed - and packed me a lunch to eat on the plane when I left."

Whether they personally emigrate or not, it is clear that those women who view migration as a desirable alternative for themselves or their kin are already marginal. They have become discontented with the usual pattern and traditions of daily life, with the long range potential of life in that environment. They have stood back and looked at their familiar life with an objective and, ultimately, critical eye. They have hopes and aspirations which do not 'fit' with those of their neighbors and family who opt to stay at home. Such women are looking at and imagining life within another system - one which operates differently from the one in which they now exist. They have gone to the margins of their familiar world and see that other pastures do indeed look greener - a condition which can only occur if one moves to the fringes of one's own field. And, since those who are most marginal do in fact usually emigrate, an important side effect of the migration process has been an increase in the conservatism of the sending community. Those who do not emigrate are those who are either satisfied with the status quo, or believe that 'the system is the system' no matter where one lives. They will frequently

argue that moving will not alter the monolithic durability of that system - e.g., 'bosses and workers'. The stay-at-homes are thus less likely to want or expect innovation and changes.

Returning to the complexities of migratory planning, we have already noted that deciding to leave is not enough, one must also decide where to go. Here, too, women are functionally significant. It is often their contacts, at home as well as in potential target locales, their information, and their assurances of assistance which have major input into the decision-making process. When I initially questioned males about this,I found that the vast majority negated or minimized the role of women in determining ultimate destination. Yet they simultaneously gave data which demonstrated the functional importance of female facilitators. When this was pointed out to them, males would often give a casual shrug,and the conversation would terminate with a remark such as, "Oh well, women love to meddle and gossip so you might as well put it to some good use."

A few males were genuinely surprised and somewhat chagrined when the degree of their dependency was pointed out: "I never thought of that but, you know, you're right. I guess I never figured out how much it all added up to."

More importantly, perhaps, women themselves minimized their decision-making significance. Such behavior was commonplace and trivial and, as one woman remarked in a somewhat bewildered fashion, "But that's how my mother and grandmother and all the women did things - and nobody - not even them! - ever thought they were important, like the men." One is reminded of the husband who said, "My wife and I are old-fashioned; she decides about small things and I decide about big things. She decides how to spend my pay and I decide whether we should continue the space program."

When the decision has been made as to when and where to move but still prior to departure, the woman will often turn to making arrangements in the host community. In this she will often use the assistance of other women in the new locale. One must be met upon arrival and transported to the final destination; there are living arrangements to be made--temporary lodgings or an apartment; and, if the latter, furnishings; employment; and advance information about climate, clothing, money required to establish one's self (such as deposits for utilities). And now the host women must also think marginally. They must try to see the familiar surroundings as a stranger, as an immigrant would see them, for it is this which allows the host women to help plan and provide for the various exigencies which will arise.

Not only can an overlooked opportunity in the new setting make the difference between success and failure; one's native hearth must also be taken into account for future return. The plans for maintaining such ties are important since, in interviewing 127 immigrants who had been here less than 10 years, 52 stated that they planned to return 'home' eventually. They stressed that they were as concerned about maintaining natal ties as they were in 'making good' in their new residence. In fact, 'doing well' was often motivated by a desire to end what was perceived as a kind of exile as soon as possible. Thus, even a minor oversight in the holding arrangements in the natal community can minimize or completely wipe out the availability of a niche to which to return.

As Mr. and Mrs. S. told me:

> We didn't have much time in these last few weeks so we told my friend we couldn't go to his village for his daughter's christening. Boy! Did that hurt us! When we went home for a visit two years later we found every one against us.
>
> Our neighbors had heard how stuck-up we'd got; how we wrote letters making fun of our old friends and bragging how smart we were to go and how dumb they were to stay. None of that was true

> but that's what our best friends said about us. And even what we didn't do, they twisted. They said we had become American and cheap with our money. They said that's why we didn't send money for prayers or better presents. Nobody really believed us--and it . . . it hurt us that they would think that anyhow. We don't feel the same anymore--about how nice it will be going home, I mean. Just that one thing had all that power to change how people feel.

Statistics are well-nigh impossible to obtain on this, but I would suggest that if one could get the data it would emerge that Portuguese immigrants show an extremely high rate of either home tourism or what I am calling retromigration (defined as the 'permanent' return of an emigrant to his home--wherever he perceives that place to be). The Portuguese explain this by reference to <u>saudade</u> but, of course, the nostalgia for idealized old times and the desire to retain one's roots are universal phenomena, not a unique feature of Portuguese culture. In any case, the high potential of repetitive visits or permanent return demands preparation for leave taking which is as careful and thorough as that required for settlement in the new locale. Most travelers plan each step to the fullest extent possible; it is a matter of basic survival (cf., Tilly and Brown, 1968). The myth that people simply 'go' is as fallacious as that which implies they simply 'arrive.'

Upon arriving in the new home, the first trauma of adjustment falls as heavily on the woman as any other immigrant. This is especially true if she is wife and/or mother. She must adapt to a whole range of new demands while offering her family the security of familiar ways. The argument that women can minimize cultural adjustment and culture shock by 'hiding' in the house is sheer nonsense. Even if a female moves into an ethnic enclave of her own kind, one where she is surrounded by kin and friends from the same or a similar native locale, she still must adapt. Let me phrase the problem of this period in the same biased terms--though from the opposite

perspective--which marks much of the male focused literature on the newly arrived immigrant.

A male is required first and foremost to get a job and get to work. Usually the job has been prearranged (often by friends or kin of a female of his family) and not uncommonly even transportation is provided by a work mate. If he can make these arrangements and, in the process, acquire a specialized work vocabulary of some 200-300 words, he is viewed as 'successfully assimilating.'

The woman meanwhile must walk the town block by block, to learn her way around; she must learn to cope with the public transportation system; to get not to one place repetitively as in the case of the male, but a number of places. There are markets; the school (or schools); shops for furniture, clothing, appliances; various local and federal governmental offices; repair services such as cleaners or shoe shops; doctors; dentists, optometrists, clinics, banks, utility companies, the post office; the church. As for the enclave providing her with familiar patterns, women themselves deny this; 'Sure! They have people who speak Portuguese in the markets but their Portuguese is harder to understand than their English--and they look at you funny and you got to pretend you don't see they're laughing at your greenhorn ways.' The cuts of meats are different; products are arranged differently; and shelves are full of strange brands (which may taste totally different) and unfamiliar items. The familiar products are also much more costly than one expects and are often not the locally prized line. But there is more: furniture styles appear cheap and ugly; appliances operate differently; the post office does not accept utility bills, and the local stationery store does not wrap and place an official seal on overseas packages. Clothing sizes carry different numbers; usual devices such as

yardsticks come in meaningless units. And one does not take a container to the tavern or local dairy to purchase wine or milk. The hot and cold water taps, the light switches, the handles on the water closets are all in the wrong place and work the wrong way.

All minor things you say? But it is the totality of these minor elements which affects the quality of one's new life. We all expect 'big' differences and that expectation gives us a psychological balance about them. But the little things frustrate us simply <u>because</u> they're ordinary. They're the traits which are so commonplace; we expect rationality and 'common-sense' of them.

The woman picks up hundreds of bits of 'trivial' information which make up that quality of life which I just mentioned. And she passes this on to the rest of the family because she must learn to make do, to deal with such matters, if her family is to have their clothes washed, ironed, and mended; their meals prepared; the household to function smoothly; and their general welfare maintained in the way in which they take for granted.

For the female who is Portuguese and comes to southern New England especially, there is yet another burden. A skilled needlewoman, she is in great demand by the textile and garment industries. Her male counterpart, often arriving as an unskilled agrarian worker, is frequently channeled into the most menial and lowest paying jobs, jobs which may have a pattern of intermittent employment. The female worker, however, may be working within a week of her arrival in America--working as long, more regularly, and sometimes at a higher pay scale than the males of her family. Thus, in addition to performing her traditional role within the household she is also now required to learn and perform and adjust to the same economic sphere as men. A woman who never went from the house except to visit kin,

perform family-related tasks, or attend church, is now expected to punch a time clock and spend 8 hours a day, 5 to 6 days a week, at the same monotonous factory task. She must be a traditional housewife and a liberated working woman--at the same time. And she must continue to defer to males while increasingly aware that her services are equally if not more economically viable.

Most importantly, whether housewife or working woman/housewife, she is expected to cope with demands made on her by her family to show 'the usual' female capacity for understanding the specific stresses individual family members face. She must know enough of each life pattern to offer sympathy as well as practical solutions. She must adapt to new life styles and maintain old country ways--all upon demand of the various members of the household, each of whom brings a different perspective as to what innovations and which traditions he personally finds crucial to his continued well-being. In sum, one aspect of the stereotype argues that the female has less knowledge of and adapts more slowly to new sociocultural systems, while another aspect of the same stereotypic image requires her--in her role as understanding female--to meet the new needs of her family. And what is most remarkable is that the scholarly and novelistic literature--which often pinpoints this paradox--ignores its own content and concludes that males and children acculturate quickly, but that mama is a laggard.

This flawed conclusion stems from two errors in analysis. First, only some behavior is examined in many acculturative studies, and it is behavior which maximizes those areas where women are more conservative, while ignoring the study of those spheres in which she is highly adaptive. Equally important, the structural/functional reasons for her retention of what are termed 'significant traditional traits' are overlooked. It is true

that such traits are significant--and that is exactly why she is programmed into maintaining them.

Women are not slower mentally, innately more conservative, fundamentally less adaptable, or biologically more timid and inclined to retreat to the protection of their home turf. It is far more likely that, for one thing, women are both explicitly and implicitly forced to maintain certain old country ways. It is the assurance of such comfortable, familiar behavior that offers the other family members relaxation from the acculturative strains which they face in the outside world. Home is mama's sphere and home is where one can 'let down.' They, certainly not she, romanticize the home as a retreat from the world; they, not she, require the touchstone of the hearth. And so they, not she, structure the behavior of the woman. Their perception of home as the woman's realm and their need for home to be non-demanding and familiar requires them to insist that she create an environment which allows them to relax after a day in the confusing and foreign environment of their new world. "Maria, you know I like polve (octopus) on Fridays! What is this you're giving me?" Or, 'Mama! What do you mean you want to stop wearing a bun and cut your hair?' And very commonly, 'What do you mean you want to learn English? What for?'

Further, the pressure for selective conservatism does not come solely from others; women themselves have pragmatic reasons for retaining some traditional patterns as adaptive strategies, worthy of retention.

Females must try to determine which of the traditions, institutions, values, norms and patterns may and can be transferred, adapted (and how) or discarded in the new community. It is not always a simple case of rejecting the old and learning the new. The melting pot hypothesis had popularity not because it stressed homogeneity but because it dramatized the

reality that many ways are incorporated into the mixture that is America, that is a life style and sociocultural system which reflect that amalgam of traits. There are many such traits to which I could call attention but one in particular deserves a closer look because, though probably not unique to the Portuguese, it is one which they have emphasized wherever they have immigrated. It is a traditional pattern which has transplanted successfully and served the immigrant well in a foreign environment. That mechanism is the institution of the cunha, using someone to 'make a connection' (see Smith, 1976, for an expanded discussion of this). It is a pattern to which I would like to turn attention briefly.

In a new community we are anxious to establish effective ties with those around us as well as extend our social networks so as to maximize the potential for receipt of valuable information about the strange and puzzling world in which we must now survive. Without sources of information one does not know where the money is, where the security is, and where to get something for nothing--or at lowest cost. These social networks which loom so significantly consist of people who, potentially, can help--economically or socially--as well as offer emotional support. When we go to someone and ask them to 'put in a plug for us with so-and-so,' to intercede for us with someone, or put us in contact with someone, we are using those people in our various networks, just as, in fact, we are often used by them.

For the Portuguese, this process is termed as having someone 'make a cunha,' and, for an immigrant it is possibly his single most important survival technique. It is also a traditional cultural pattern which the Portuguese immigrant has transferred to many other soils, and it functions as effectively in those foreign milieus as it does in its original setting --

possibly because as I have said, it is not unique to the Portuguese, only more explicit and institutionalized than among other groups. The word cunha itself refers to a wedge, the sort of thing you use when trying to hold a door open, or split a solid piece of wood apart. When a Portuguese states that someone has made him a cunha, he is referring to a service which an individual at his own social level has performed for him. This often consists of making contact with someone at a higher social level, someone who can do something for Ego.

I might, for example, wish to have a rich and/or powerful person become godparent to my child. I would find some kin or friend or friend of a friend, who knew that person. My intermediary would 'lay the groundwork' or 'open the door' so that I had more contact or influence with that person. Or, again, in applying for a job, I might seek a personal contact and ask that person to 'put in a good word for me,' 'put in a plug for me.'

The institution of cunha is related to the concept of network formation--those various clusters of friends, acquaintances and kin with whom one works, plays, or lives, buys from or sells to.

The institution of cunha and the process of network formation are related to each other as follows. A new arrival in a community is anxious to build up social networks since they expand his contacts at the primary level as well as broadening the number of potential secondary or link contacts. A social network is information, insurance, security, support. It offers, in short, control, potential of control--or, at least, a promise of manipulative ability. The proof of the significance of such a need is the fact that the most common expression which one hears when working in an immigrant community (as well as other communities!) is, 'It's not what you know, it's who you know.'; 'and,' most Portuguese would add, 'who they know.'

And here, the positive aspects of marginality, particularly among Portuguese females, are best demonstrated. Accepting that males also have cliques to which they belong, and information accessibility as a result of that membership, women appear to have more mechanisms to control the garnering of information and the dispersal of networks. No individual has only one social network, he has many--the people on his block, the social set with whom he relaxes, the people with whom he works, his kin group, and so on. The degree to which an individual is able to belong to different groups without having membership in one minimize his contacts in another is an important skill; one must be an integral part of any given group without that membership jeopardizing or eliminating participation with another set of individuals.

The Portuguese female immigrant is explicitly aware that she will perform a useful service for her family and, of course, herself if she maximizes the number of networks which she creates and thus the information at her disposal. She has greater access to those who can make a cunha when needed, and it broadens her broadcast range when she needs to ask for assistance. The greater the number of networks to which she belongs, however, the less affiliative identity she is able to demonstrate to any single one. Often she must tread that delicate line between the degree of commitment to and integration within a group which assures reciprocity from its members, and the degree which others will negatively perceive as an over-commitment ('She is too loyal to them--she thinks more of them') or under-commitment ('She is too much of a loner,...too superficial'). Too much and she will be excluded from other networks; too little and she will not be accepted by any.[1] The important point to note here is that marginality of a special kind is required if the adaptive potential of networks and thus cunha-making is to be maximized.

In conclusion, then, we have seen that the immigrant woman is indeed marginal but that despite this marginality--in fact, because of it--she utilizes that position in a positive fashion--especially to improve the economic potential of her family. She must adapt, except when she must not; she must place the nuclear household first, but prepared to work outside; she should carry an equal share of familial burdens but should pay deference to the senior male as the head of the family; she must make new friends but maintain old ties; she must have access to information but should not gossip; and she must maintain her position at the core while living constantly on the fringe.

I've tried to stress that these seeming contradictions are also analyzable as alternatives--alternatives whereby immigrant women and those who depend on the functioning of women within the sociocultural system are able to extend and maximize strategies of adaptation. It is true that by concentrating on women and their status and role I have drawn an unbalanced picture, but, I repeat, this has been done to redress the imbalance of earlier studies which concentrated on males. What is proper, of course, is that <u>all</u> personnel in the migration process be examined with as objective a view as possible. The neglect of the role women play has given us explanations for migration dynamics based on simplistic models, incomplete data, and half-truths derived from caricatures. It is long overdue that we reject the stereotype of father in the forefront, pioneering the way, leading mother and child who sit passively in the covered wagon. If we are truly to understand one of the fundamental historical processes of human existence--the urge and the need to move on--we must place greater emphasis on the role of women. As marginal person par excellence she has used her position on the fringe to weave the torn fabric of the past to the leading edge of the future.

Footnote

[1]Although research on female networks is still in a preliminary stage due to the complexity of the research, 14 females have demonstrated that the average immigrant woman has six basic networks with reasonable exclusivity in the membership--kin (mean number equals 23), church (mean number equals 24), work (mean number equals 12), neighbors (mean number equals 23), friends (mean number equals 37), affines and friends of kin and friends (mean number equals 62). When information or assistance of any kind is needed, nine of the fourteen females can effectively mobilize all six networks; two women are able to draw on at least three; and three say they can rely only on the kin network. Eight of the women were married, and, comparing the list of names on husband's list (mean-63) and wife's (mean-160), on the average less than thirty percent of the names matched those which were drawn mostly from the kin network. This would seem to suggest that immigrant couples have a broader range of personnel upon whom to draw than non-immigrants in a similar socioeconomic situation (cf., Bott, 1957 for contrary data).

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FURTHER COMMENTS ON THE TREATMENT OF WOMAN IN THE MODERN PORTUGUESE THEATER

David J. Viera
State University of New York

The inauguration of the "Salitre Theater-Studio" in April 1946, represented a new epoch in the history of the Portuguese theater. This experimental theater, organized by Gino Saviotti in collaboration with Vasco Mendonça Alves and Luiz Francisco Rebello, had as its main objective a more poetic, dramatic, and action-oriented theater. It had been distorted through long years of submission to a naturalist aesthetic. Once unburdened of its initial revolutionary impact, it was no longer capable of satisfying the interests of a new public for whom the theatre could no longer be nothing more than a form of filling the leisure hours of the middle class."[1]

The members of the Salitre Studio and a younger generation of Portuguese dramatists were soon to encounter insurmountable obstacles to the production and publication of their literary works, among which the censorship of the Salazar-Caetano regime was the most stifling. A series of interviews conducted by Duarte Ivo Cruz in the cultural journal, Rumo, with the leading dramatists, producers, actors, and other individuals whose lives are closely bound to the theater, has revealed other fundamental problems to the creation of a vital Portuguese theater in Portugal during the last three decades, namely, the economic situation and cultural level of the Portuguese public, the existence of few, and in some instances, no theaters outside of Lisbon, along with the lack of support on the part of the government and certain theater managers. But in spite of these difficulties, a theater has developed in Portugal, by a group of dramatists who often have never had their theatrical works performed in Portugal before the coup d'etat of April 25, 1974 (the most outstanding example being Luís de Sttau Monteiro), and others like Natália Correia who were not

permitted to publish their plays or had them confiscated by the censors after being published.

The topic of this presentation is the theme of woman in the theater of Portugal during the last two decades. It must be mentioned at this juncture that this study is a continuation of a paper presented at the University of Kentucky last April in the section of the Kentucky Foreign Language Conferences entitled "The Theme of Revolution in Luso-Brazilian Literature." This presentation will therefore have a two-fold purpose: to summarize the results of the aforementioned study entitled "The Treatment of Woman in Modern Portuguese Theater: A Rebellion Against Traditionalis[illegible]" and to analyze the female personages in eight representative dramatic works of the theater under discussion: José-Augusto França's Azazel (1956); two works by Luiz Francisco Rebello, É urgente o amor (1958) and Condenados à Vida (1963); David Mourão Ferreira's O irmão (1965); two plays by Luís de Sttau Monteiro, As mãos de Abraão Zacut and Felizmente Há Luar!, published in 1968 and 1961, respectively; Maria Teresa Horta's O delator (1962); and two plays by Bernardo Santareno, A Traição do Padre Martinho (1964) and Português, Escritor, quarenta e cinco anos de idade (1974). Since the theme of woman in the literature of present-day Portugal centers around the Novas cartas portuguesas (1974), more popularly known as The Three Marias, and their authors, reference will be made to this work, and parallels or common themes will be pointed out between The Three Marias and the dramatic works under discussion in the conclusion of this study.

José-Augusto França's three-act play Azazel, which appeared in 1956, has as its point of departure the biblical passage on the expiatory goat contained in Leviticus, 16, 5-10 and 21-22. As the play begins, Maria,

who has just reached womanhood, is being reprimanded for having refused to attend the ritual of the sacrificing of the goat, an annual ceremony in which the sins of the townspeople are cast upon the sacrificial goat who is sent off into the desert to die. Maria rejects this ritual believing that sin cannot be pardoned in such an easy way; it is also symbolic of her rejection against conformity, against an established mode of existence, implacable rules of conduct and a domineering father. The Guest whom Maria's father had invited to spend the night at their home and who had seen Maria in the plaza after the ritual had ended, confronts Maria before the break of day in her room, having witnessed her breakup with José, her childhood sweetheart whom she was to marry, and Maria's lengthy monologue revealing her emptiness and doubt about her future in Act III, which provides the key to the meaning of the play. In this revealing dialogue between Maria and the Guest, the substance and major themes of Azazel are brought forth. Maria must liberate herself, she must revolt against fear, the past, tranquility and inaction, and "invent" her own way in life, not follow one which has already been prepared for her. In short, she must create her own world, a world in which truth, freedom and loyalty (which the Guest describes as an ironic necessity) and love are all important. The theme of time is most significant in Azazel. Time is synonymous with the past, which does not belong to us. The figure of the Father, who symbolizes the past, among other things, is likewise important in the last act of the play. Maria's brother, Joaquim, admits killing their father, an act which is symbolic of Maria's severing the bonds of her childhood, and her acceptance of freedom and a desire to find her own path in life. The final act of liberation takes place when Maria agrees to go away with her Guest, who may be the reincarnation of

Maria's uncle Jerónimo, who had organized a new sect years before and had partaken of Azazel's flesh, which further appears to identify him with a Christ figure.

Freedom, the will to cast away the shackles of the past, the domination of traditionalism, conformity, accepted norms, and parental domination, are the basic themes of this work. The dramatist, however, by choosing a female protagonist and identifying her with the aforementioned themes, is further intensifying the dramatic crisis and underlying the impact of the final decision to break with the past and begin life anew. This fact is rather apparent in several passages of the play in which the subject of the condition and subjugation of women is brought to the fore. Maria states in her dialogue with her brother, Joaquim:

> Cada um de nós tem o seu caminho. Tu tens o teu:
> é o caminho dos homens - o único que eles conhecem.
> É o caminho do Pai. Que outro poderias escolher
> melhor? E sempre uma mulher virá para se submeter
> ao homem que tem razão, para lhe sacrificar a sua
> vida...[2]

In Maria's encounter with her fiancé José, which ends in her complete rejection of him, finding him a shallow individual who identifies with the very conformity she rejects, the following remarks are made:

> Maria: O papel dos homens é contar às mulheres o que
> vêem por esse mundo fora...
>
> José: As mulheres devem ficar protegidas. E então
> num borborinho daqueles...pode sempre acontecer
> alguna coisa...[3]

Maria is therefore reacting against the subjugation of women in

society, a subject which is further fortified by the author's characterization of Maria's mother, a personage who continually resorts to weeping in order to play upon the emotions of her children, succeeding in the case of Joaquim, and who must invent her own sins to disguise her own purity, a virtue which is attainable but absolutely useless according to the Guest.

David Mourão-Ferreira, a leading figure in Lisbon literary circles, published an "existential tragedy," O irmão in 1965, a play which was begun in 1955 and reworked several times. The structure of the work is most interesting since Act II is a reelaboration of Act I of this two-act play. The basic difference between the both acts is the absence of one character, Germano, in Act II, which leads the action of the final moments to a different turn and conclusion. The effect caused by the elimination of this character is best expressed by the protagonist Bárbara in Act II:

> É melhor nem falarmos no Germano...
> Até pode dar azar [...] Há bocadinho, quando entrámos,
> quando ia acender a luz...por um instante chequei a ter
> a sensação de que ele estava ali... [...] E foi horrível!
> Imaginei-me logo a ter de representar...[...] "Ah! És
> tu! Estavas aí? Tão calado? Às escuras?" E a seguir
> todo o ridículo das apresentações... E eu a ter de fazer
> as honras de dona da casa! E vocês, mal eu me escapasse,
> a falarem da mulher dele! E todos a acharem-se na obrigação
> de ser muito inteligentes, muito compreensivos, muito
> compostos... Venenosos, mas cheios de compostura... E só
> eu a destoar do conjunto!... Ah! não! Havia de ser pavoroso.

Além disso, estragava-se todo o efeito da minha surpresa...[4]

The surprise referred to is the arrival of "o irmão," the brother, who never appears on stage, but whose entrance, which is only heard, ends both acts. Three characters take part in Act II of this work, the most revealing of the two divisions. Juvenal, a pedantic young poet whose role in the play, other than representing social hypocrisy, serves to bring out Lucia's character. The latter, a Faustian figure, is responsible for Bárbara's downfall, having sold her thirteen years before to the wealthy financier, Kaltenmark, who appears to symbolize the king of devils.

Lúcia (whose name suggests the relationship with Lucifer) came across Bárbara fifteen years before when the latter's father had left for Brazil, later recalling his son Marcelo, "o irmão." Thinking that her father had died, Bárbara spends many hours in cemeteries looking for his grave; it is here where she comes upon Lúcia, who later sells her to Kaltenmark.

The encounter between Lúcia and "o irmão," perhaps the figure of Christ, is carefully prepared. In Act I, Germano, Bárbara's lover and a noted psychiatrist who has never met "o irmão," perhaps suggesting the separation of science and religion and the God-is-dead theme, is present during the arrival of "o irmão," along with Juvenal. In Act II, only Lúcia is present, and the dramatist suggests that she, the worst of mothers, must barter for the possession of Bárbara's soul.

Parallels between José-Augusto Franças's work and O irmão are obvious. Both dramatists select female characters to exemplify existential problems which confront humankind which has rejected or been abandoned by the Father image and must seek a Son or Brother, that is goodness and love which has taken on a human form.

The name of Luiz Francisco Rebello, which was mentioned with relation

to the Salitre experimental theater, has become synonymous with the modern Portuguese theater. He more than any Portuguese dramatist, has been responsible for bringing to Portugal a new concept of the theater by introducing innovations, themes, and techniques, which have taken place in Europe, for the most part, during the post-World War II era. In 1953 Rebello began a cycle of plays relating to social protests which include O dia seguinte, the first, and two plays in which the condition of woman in the modern world is a major theme, É urgente o amor (1958) and Condenados à vida (1963). In the first of the two, Branca has left her life as a bar girl to become the mistress of the wealthy middle-aged Jorge, who has lost interest in his wife. Branca falls in love with Alberto, a young donjuanesque personage, who plays upon the weaknesses and feelings of others. Branca, who wishes to rid herself of her concubinage and enter into a normal marital relationship with Alberto, comes to realize the true motives of her young lover and the convenience which her relationship with Jorge affords Alberto. When Jorge unexpectedly arrives at Branca's apartment to find Alberto there, a series of events lead to Branca's suicide: she finds that Alberto has been having relations with her mother, who was initially responsible for Branca's life of prostitution. She also realizes that her mother has been receiving monetary benefits from Jorge based on Branca's concubinage. Having given herself entirely to Alberto and been totally deceived, she comes to believe that life itself is a deceit and that love has no place in the world. Wealth, materialism, power, and eroticism are the motives which govern the characters surrounding Branca.

Act II begins with a police investigation into the circumstances of Branca's death, a dramatic technique which has enjoyed much success in European drama and was first used by Rebello in Alguém terá de morrer

(1956). The investigator refuses to believe that Branca's death was a suicide since the interrogation of the characters who last saw Branca, that is, those who were present in Act I, reveals surprising coincidences which are only explained in the last scene of the play. Jorge, in order to avoid a scandal, brings together all the individuals connected to the events which led to Branca's death to fabricate a common alibi.

In the very last scene of É urgente o amor, Branca returns from the dead to confront the characters who denied her love and who all feel, to a certain degree, responsible for her death. The scene is revealing--each personage addresses Branca openly and exposes the motive or motives for having participated in the scheme to withhold the truth from the police investigator.

The themes which are present in Rebello's theater of social protest reappear here: the lack of communication and comprehension among individuals, the denial of commitment and love in the modern world replete with paradoxes (a time of despair combined with the promise of hope for the future), preoccupation with appearances, one's personal pride, the fear of allying oneself with truth and justice, are all brought out. Branca, in the final moments of the play, uncovers the essence of the play, its title É urgente o amor, and declares the true identity of her assassin:

> Foi... Se estar vivo é manter o equilíbrio entre a vida e a morte, eu perdi esse equilíbrio naquela tarde... Mas é preciso que tu saibas, é preciso que todos saibam uma coisa. Foi um corpo já sem vida que caiu da ponte. Não foi nesse momento que eu morri. Foi antes... Quando todos me abandonaram... Quando pedi um pouco de amor, e

ninguém soube compreender-me... Um pouco de amor para que a vida valesse a pena... Um pouco de amor para vencer a morte...[5]

The drama Condenados à vida is structurally more complex than É urgente o amor. The isolation and uncertainty of man are made patent in the opening scene, reminiscent of the theater of the absurd, in which unnamed personages await a train which is to take them to an unknown destination. This section, which acts as a prologue to the body of the play, takes place in a train terminal, which signifies life and those who await the locomotive to the unknown, resemble a group of condemned prisoners of war, as the Woman observes:

> Parece uma leva de condenados... Sim, é isso mesmo: condenados à vida-eis o que nós somos, afinal. Condenados a uma vida que não pedimos, que nos obrigam à força a viver... E da qual nada sabemos...[6]

The play centers around two characters, Luciana and Afonso, who represent different social classes. Afonso, a low-paid newspaper writer, whose redeeming grace lies in his defense of the less fortunate, which at one point leads him to actually protest against an injustice committed by Luciana's husband, a wealthy surgeon who allows a destitute individual to die, refusing to take an emergency call, in order to attend a party.

We are made aware of the hypocrisy of society, the emptiness of a world in which social status, materialism and personal satisfaction dominate, in the scenes portraying the lives of upper middle-class society and the practically non-existent marriage relationship between Luciana and her spouse, Gonçalo.

Rebello contrasts this life of appearances and opulence to the struggle

to maintain an existence in which only the bare necessities of life are attainable. Afonso must eke out an existence while facing the same emptiness in his personal life which Luciana must endure. Afonso's relationship with his wife Eugênia is not a happy one, and the distance between them is brought out in every confrontation. Eugênia's life has reached an impasse; her role is relegated to one of attending to domestic chores and settling domestic expenditures, which at times must be delayed due to lack of money. She must live a day-to-day existence without hope, purpose, or consolation.

The death of a destitute victim, who may have been saved had Gonçalo given him medical attention, provides the link between the two families, whereas the compassion and concern for the victim on the part of Afonso, who is told of the incident by a close friend and relative of the neglected person, and on the part of Luciana who is outraged at the injustice committed by her spouse, furnishes the audience with the key to the dramatic work. Both personages board the same flight to Paris, Afonso to cover an important news item (a long awaited opportunity) and Luciana to join her lover, a diplomat and close friend of Gonçalo; both passengers never reach their destination.

The dramatist has joined the destinies of two characters of different social milieu and sexes, both of whom experience the banality of human existence, injustice, and the incomprehensibility of modern man. The fact that the two join and venture through the unknown together, hints at the possibility or hope of unity among human beings.

One of the leading and most prolific dramatists of the modern Portuguese theater is Bernardo Santareno, whose concept of theater has undergone a steady evolution since the publication of his first plays in 1957. Santareno

met success with the publication of A promessa, which formed part of his first volume of plays and continued to employ the same technique, motifs, rural or maritime ambients, folklore, primitivism, and other devices which have linked him with such authors as Strindberg, Synge, García Lorca, and Tennessee Williams.

In 1962 Santareno wrote Anunciação, which began a different phase in his career, and pointed to a more politically oriented theater and social protest from various segments of society. His most interesting female personages appear in the first phase of his dramatic output, however, which we will now take up.

Santareno's early plays deal with a wide variety of themes and motifs: religious doubt, superstition, social injustice, death, sexual and social frustration. Popular themes and existential preoccupations, an obsession with evil, on the one hand, and purity, often termed "angelismo", characterize his dramatic works. Santareno's women are Neolithic; they are driven by the most primitive and instinctive passions, and are closely united to telluric forces which they must obey.

Santareno's young female characters often are represented as strong-willed, forceful personages, who become tragic victims of their own desires. Such is the case of Manuelo (O Duelo), Rosa (A traição do Padre Martinho) and Maria Giesta (O pecado de João Agonia). Others emerge as strong characters, but become weak and are destroyed by superstition, passion, mysticism, or their own tragic sense: Joana (O Crime de Aldeia Velha), Amália (António Marinheiro), and Maria da Luz (A excomungada).

In his introduction to Idílio Ribeiro's edition, Novíssimo teatro português, Bernardo Santareno stated that the modern European theater

comprises two methods which may overlap: those who follow a social or religious credo and whose works represent existential preoccupations.[7] Santareno elaborates on the object of the latter procedure:

> denunciam o desnaturado das relações humanas mais aceitas, em gritos agónicos de linguagem atomizada, uivam a sua incapacidade de reajuntarem o que o uso, a mentira, a injustiça e o desamor separaram cruelmente.[8]

No matter which of the two procedures is followed, the modern Portuguese theater, according to Santareno:

> não poderá ser outra coisa que não seja denúncia em primeiro lugar, e depois, esperança político-social (ou religiosa), ou contemplação desesperada do absurdo.[9]

In view of these opinions and the very character of Santareno's plays, might we not look upon them as protestations of social mores, traditional, popular beliefs, and the situation in Portugal before 1974? A careful reading of O pecado de João Agonia, with all its force, will render that Santareno, a practitioner of clinical medicine in his professional life, was scrutinizing society's awe and blatant condemnation of homosexuality. It is also my opinion that Santareno is attempting to relate the injustices and abuses of women in Portuguese society brought about by strict moral codes, tradition, superstition and religious fanaticism.

While parallels do exist between Santareno's women and the female characters in Lorca's works, Luíz de Sttau Monteiro's women are cast in a Brechtian mold. Sttau Monteiro's plays characterize, for the most part, the social struggle of individuals against massively oppressive and tyrannical forces which tend to subdue the individual. His play,

As mãos de Abraão Zacut (1968), was written during the time of the Colonial War in Africa, the War in Vietnam, and the Seven Days War in the Middle East. It must not be interpreted only as a pro-Semitic and anti-Nazi manifestation, but rather as an attack on all totalitarian regimes. Like Brecht's Mother Courage and her Children, it is a play of individuals forced by war and famine into less-than-human behavior while they manage to save their own humanity. Ruth Goldenstein represents the protective mother, who must spend months of confinement in a concentration camp separated from her children. Along with her husband and other Jewish prisoners, she courageously plans a revolt and escape. Ruth's pride and determination are evident in her words to Samuel as they put into motion their uprising and escape from the concentration camp:

> Olhe para mim. Com orgulho! Com muito orgulho, Samuel. - Sou outra vez a tua Ruth e quero ir nos teus olhos quando eles nos vierem buscar.[10]

Felizmente há luar!(1960), the historic episode of the conspiracy of 1817 and the condemning to death of General Gomes Freire de Andrade, has become one of Sttau Monteiro's better known dramatic works. Gomes Freire has falsely been accused of inciting a popular rebellion against tyranny. Although the heroic general never appears on stage, his presence is maintained, especially by his wife Matilde, the protagonist. After the imprisonment of her husband, she pleads for his release, approaching individually the three authorities responsible for his incarceration:

> Enquanto tiver voz para gritar... Baterei a todas as portas, chamarei por tuda a parte, mendigarei, se por preciso, a vida daquele a quem devo a minha![11]

The officials she approaches refuse to listen to her. An attempt to incite the people against these same authorities also fails; however, she is determined to pursue her struggle: "Enquanto nos não matarem, aquele de nós que estiver livre tem de lutar."[12] Gomes Freire is finally executed. The fires which accompany the execution represent the spirit of Gomes Freire and of liberty which imbues the land. Matilde exclaims:

> Julguei que isto era o fim e afinal é o princípio.
> Aquela fogueira, António, há-de incendiar esta terra.[13]

The motive which moves Matilde de Melo to action is love for her husband. Throughout her crisis she maintains her dignity and courage before both friends and enemies. It is only at the end of the work that she fully comprehends the meaning of her husband's life and death which she interprets as a victory for truth and liberty.

Among the leading female dramatists who have written during the past two decades are Natália Correia, Fiama Hasse Pais Brandão, and Maria Teresa Horta. The dramatic works of Natália Correia were prohibited in Portugal and went unpublished. Two of her plays, O Encoberto and A Pécora, form part of the theater of cruelty because of the predominance of violence. The woman revolutionary is found among the dramatis personae of the modern Portuguese theater in Maria Teresa Horta's, O Delator. Inês, one of the leading characters in this play, represents the woman totally dedicated to the cause of revolution, convinced that it is the only way to better the plight of humanity. Love, wealth, and the promise of a comfortable future are all subordinated to her desire to affect a successful revolt. The play is brought to its climax when the plot to overthrow the established authority is put into effect by Inês and her fellow conspirators.

Miguel reveals to Inês that he is the informer; he has joined the revolutionary group out of his desire to be with Inês and has informed the authorities of the revolt that is about to take place. Miguel has likewise arranged for Inês' and his escape while the soldiers of the establishment await the coming forth of the other revolutionaries. He reveals his motives to Inês in an attempt to convince her to flee with him:

> Mas eu é de ti que preciso, não da revolução. Sou rico. Inês, podemos fugir deste país para um sítio onde não sejam precisas revoluções.[14]

Realizing that he has no convictions, Inês rebukes him:

> Eu não quero revoluções para me entreter, nem colaboro nelas por obrigação, amo-as neste país, agora, porque há homens que precisam delas, aqui. Apenas uma e tudo poderia ser diferente... Não as provoco sem serem necessárias nem fujo quando é necessário lutar![15]

Moments later Inês runs out of the house at the hidden soldiers who await the conspirators. Shots are heard as she makes her way in defiance of the gunners.

The subject of women as political reactionaries is repeated in the modern Portuguese theater and in two works by Bernardo Santareno. A Traição do Padre Martinho deals with the refusal of a small town, Cortiçal, to give up their young parish priest who has won them over by a life of self-denial. Martinho exemplifies the life of the priest-workers who were much in evidence in Europe in the early part of this century.

The most interesting female character in this play is Rosa, a fifteen-year-old girl whom the townspeople regard as "uma louca." Like Sibila in another play by Santareno, Anunciação, she portrays the "angelismo" aspect in Santareno's women, as Padre Martinho points out: "Tu és pura, Rosa; de cristal. E acreditas, confias. Eu, agora, não sou capaz: Desconfio de tudo, de todos."[16]

Rosa is able to give courage to the priest-worker imbued with socialist ideas, who feels constrained by his vow of obedience to the Church from carrying on his work. It is Rosa who encourages him to continue to act in support of his beliefs and for the people of Cortiçal: "Mas tu, Rosa, tens força. Muita força. Nem tu sabes quanta! Queres que eu te diga um segredo? Às vezes, muitas vezes, é a ti que eu vou buscar a força que me falta e de que tanto preciso neste transe..." [17]

Rosa, among others, incites the townspeople to reject the authorities, who attempt to take Padre Martinho from them, by insulting the sergeant and soldiers who come to take him away. On another occasion, when fifty soldiers enter and threaten to remove Padre Martinho, she is the first to cast a stone against them. The soldiers open fire, and it is Rosa and another woman, Maria Parda, who are killed. The impression her death makes upon the priest she attempts to defend is great indeed. The play ends with Martinho coming forth and relating to his audience his reasons for leaving the priesthood:

> No meu país, na hora que me coube em sorte viver,
> o sacerdócio não é caminho para mim; nem para os outros
> como eu. Por isso despadrei. Sou novo. Sinto-me
> livre. Tenho saúde. Estou preparado para a luta.[18]

Chronologically, the most recent dramatic work which has been chosen for discussion is Bernardo Santareno's, Português. Escritor, quarenta e cinco anos de idade, which appeared subsequent to the revolution of April 25, 1974. The play is of utmost importance to our study since it recounts, in my opinion, Santareno's concept of the evolution of politically conscious women in Portuguese society, as portrayed in the characterizations of three female personages, the Mother, the Wife, and the Actress-Wife. As the title suggests, the play is written from the point of view of a Portuguese author who has lived in the Portugal dominated by the Salazar-Caetano governments. He recalls his childhood, his father, a staunch revolutionary, the constant interrogation to which the family was subjected, and the many years of imprisonment his father had to face. During the years of imprisonment, the Mother had to support the family and work extra hours in order that her son could attend private schools. She endured these hardships not fully understanding her husband's motives, nor being able to encourage him by taking part in his revolutionary activities. She welcomed death which became the only comfort for a life of continual toil and disappointments. Despite this life, she respected her husband for his convictions and strength of will. On her death-bed she requested that her son call a priest, a petition which greatly disturbed the latter since Catholicism and the government were both united and regarded as the enemy. The son had to comply with her desire, and the Mother passed away in the hands of the religion of her youth:

> A minha mãe confessou-se, recebeu os últimos sacramentos e morreu duas horas depois. Morreu em paz, com um sorriso feliz no rosto sereno, limpo das sombras habituais. Creio que morreu convencida de que a sua vida verdadeira só

então ia começar, depois do transe da morte. O inferno tinha sido cá, neste mundo.[19]

After his mother's death, the Writer married a student from Lisbon who was, like himself and his father, firmly committed to the revolutionary cause. She was, however, an individual of stronger convictions and greater courage than the Writer, and had to force him to overcome his fears by convincing him about and accompanying him in his revolutionary efforts, and by giving him a family and thereby providing him with a motive to endure torture and imprisonment for a personal as well as a human cause. A son was born to the couple who, like his father, became interested in the theater, but who, unlike his father, showed little if any desire to participate in the revolution. He was later recruited, having refused to leave Portugal as an exile, and sent to fight in the Colonial War in Africa. After having become a hero in battle, the Son was killed in action, a misfortune which produced a tremendous impression on his parents who became completely broken, to the point of renouncing the revolutionary fight. The Writer states:

Venceram-me. Não luto mais. Tiraram-me tudo.
Estou preso, mais uma vez, e sinto-me bem na prisão:
Não quero ver ninguém, nem ouvir vozes humanas.
Liberdade? Para que quero a liberdade? Tudo acabou
para mim. Não luto mais. Venceram eles.[20]

The play comes to an end, but in a surprise gesture, the actress who plays the role of the downcast Wife approaches the audience, having removed her shawl and hair-piece, and utters these words:

O Escritor desistiu. A personagem da Mulher que
eu acabei de interpretar também desistiu.

Mas eu não quero desistir.
Durante muitos ensaios e muitas representações
desta peça, pude estudar os acontecimentos que ela
refere e meditar nas suas causas e consequências:
E agora tenho mais razões do que já tinha para não
desistir.

Não desisto.

Vou continuar.

Vou continuar a luta da personagem que interpretei.

Não desisto.[21]

We witness, therefore, the evolution which takes place in this work, which must be interpreted from an historical perspective, given its timely appearance immediately following the Portuguese coup d'etat of 1974. The Mother, a product of the Portugal of the past, strongly engrained in traditionalism and Catholicism, takes refuge in her own past when she realizes that her death is approaching. The figure of the Mother contrasts to an extent with that of the Wife, which also must be taken as an historical reality, the Portuguese woman dedicated to the revolutionary ideal, who seeks justice for the less fortunate, but who is ultimately broken by the pressure and abuses of two dictatorial regimes and the death of one very dear to her in an unjust war which was to benefit only a select group.

The Actress who relinquishes her role at the play's termination and bursts out in favor of a continued revolutionary effort, inducing the audience to unite with her, represents the emergence of a new woman, an individual who refuses to cease fighting for the spirit of the revolution. Santareno's play represents among other aspects a document which relates the suffering of the Portuguese people during the years of dictatorship

and must be considered an important literary study or the Portuguese female who became involved in some way with the revolution, as well as a hope for the future.

Conclusion:

The theme of woman in the modern Portuguese theater has indeed not been neglected. From the mid-1950's to the present, Portuguese dramatists have placed on stage female characters in personal crisis or in revolt, at times with the intention of emphasizing or universalizing the human struggle and human condition through the plight of the woman.

Female personages have held leading roles in existential dramas at a time when the death-of-God theme was much in vogue. Human freedom, the rejection of conformity, and the unity with others, are motifs which have been stressed in the modern Portuguese theater.

Social protest has taken on numerous forms in the theater under discussion, and many of these aspects coincide with protestations made in the Novas cartas portuguesas. Santareno's Joana (O crime de Aldeia Velha), a woman who seeks love in human kindness and compassion, and becomes horrified at the thought of becoming the object of the passions of men, could easily be mistaken for a personage in The Three Marias. The plight of woman has likewise been used to magnify the absence of love in a world which caters to materialist ends and in which commitment must be avoided.

Female dramatists expounded on the human condition, also, and the role of the female as a political revolutionary. Because time does not permit me to do so, I have neglected an important woman playwright, Fiama Hasse Pais Brandão, who in her work, Os chapéus de chuva, satirizes the human condition. The female protagonist in this work, Sílvia, sets forth the

author's ideas: no one has the right to love; one's personal freedom is unattainable and limited by the past; death is the complete annihilation of the individual; and nothing is eternal. The works of this writer often fall within the theater of cruelty and stress the banality of existence.

The woman as revolutionary, a motif which is also contained in the final pages of the Novas cartas portuguesas, had already been introduced in a number of plays including one which has yet to be mentioned, O Render dos Heróis (1960) by José Cardoso Pires, an epic play or farce which satirizes conditions in Portugal at the time it was written, and to a lesser extent, the situation of the Portuguese woman as portrayed in the roles of Maria Ricarda, Maria Angelina, and the two Comadres, both of whom must toil continually to transport a sack of gunpowder to the revolutionaries, and who have little awareness of the events transpiring around them.

The plight of Portuguese woman and her importance in Portuguese society was not only made evident in the novel and especially The Three Marias. Portuguese dramatists have placed her on stage for the public to witness her reaction to conflicts, social injustices, human struggles in a destitute world in which love has no place, and to verify her potential and determination to overcome all obstacles in light of human love and freedom.

NOTES

[1]Post-War Portuguese Drama (Lisbon: Office of the Secretary of State for Information and Tourism, 1972), p. 4.

[2]José-Augusto França, Azazel (Lisbon: Editorial Sul, 1956), p. 33.

[3]Ibid., p. 48.

[4]David Mourão-Ferreira, O irmão (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1956), p. 74.

[5]Luiz Francisco Rebello, É urgente o amor (Lisbon: Prelo, 1970), p. 94.

[6]Luiz Francisco Rebello, Condenados à vida (Lisbon: Presença, 1965), p. 27.

[7](Lisbon: Edição dos Autores, 1962), p. 5.

[8]Ibid., p. 5.

[9]Ibid., p. 7.

[10]Luís de Sttau Monteiro, As mãos de Abraão Zacut (Lisbon: Atica, 1968), p. 186.

[11]Luís de Sttau Monteiro, Felizmente Há Luar! (Lisbon: Atica, 1971), p. 96.

[12]Ibid., p. 133.

[13]Ibid., p. 164.

[14]ed. Idílio Ribeiro, p. 127.

[15]Ibid., p. 127.

[16]Bernardo Santareno, A traição do Padre Martinho (Lisbon: Atica, 1969), p. 51.

[17]Ibid., p. 101.

[18]Ibid., p. 125.

[19]Bernardo Santareno, Português, Escritor, quarenta anos de idade (Lisbon: Atica, 1974), p. 122.

[20]Ibid., p. 297.

[21]Ibid., pp. 300-301.

NEIL MILLER

Professor Neil Miller received his B.A. in Spanish and M.A. in Portuguese from Queens College and his Ph.D. from the City University of New York in 1972. He is currently an Associate Professor in the Department of Languages and International Studies of Adelphi University. He has written two books dealing with the early Portuguese theatre (Henrique da Mota and Gil Vicente) and numerous articles on, and translations of, Spanish, Portuguese and Brazilian literature. He is also involved in both University and federally funded Bilingual Education Programs.

STEVEN SAMUEL USSACH

Professor Steven Samuel Ussach received his B.A. degree from New York University and his M.A. from Catholic University of America. He has been a Peace Corps Volunteer, student at the University of Lisbon, and guest lecturer in Brazil. He is an officer for a number of historical societies, is collaborating with Leo Pap on a book entitled The Portuguese Element in the United States, and has been the Director of the Ibero-American Institute at Bristol Community College, where he is currently an Instructor in Iberian History.

MARY VERMETTE

Professor Mary Vermette received her B.A. Degree from Salve Regina College in Newport, Rhode Island, M.A. in Education from Bridgewater State College in Massachusetts and her Ph.D. in Romance Languages and Literatures from Harvard University. She has studied and travelled in Portugal, the Azores and Madeira Islands under scholarships and grants. Professor Vermette's main research interests include ethnic and cultural studies, focusing on the Portuguese and Azoreans in the United States. She is currently the Director of Bilingual Education at Southeastern Massachusetts University and of a Federally funded training program.

MARIA LUISA NUNES

Professor Maria Luisa Nunes received her B.A. from Radcliffe University, her M.A. from Columbia University, and her Ph.D. from the City University of New York in 1972. Professor Nunes has worked at Appleton Century Crofts as an assistant editor, The Latin American Institute of Columbia University, and the United Nations, and has taught at both Columbia University and Yale University, where she is currently an Assistant Professor of Portuguese and African-American Studies. She has written a number of articles on Portuguese and Brazilian literature, including studies on Cape Verdean dialects of Portuguese and has recently seen the publication of a critical study on the Portuguese novelist Eça de Queiroz' novel, The Crime of Father Amaro.

CYNTHIA RENDEIRO and GUILHERMINA SERRADO

Both Cynthia Rendeiro and Guilhermina Serrado are highly qualified and valued Bilingual Teacher Aides in the Mineola, Long Island School District. They work principally with Portuguese children in ESL and Bilingual Programs. Further descriptions of both Luso-Americans will be found in their respective papers.

M. ESTELLIE SMITH

Professor M. Estellie Smith received her B.A., M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from the State University of New York at Buffalo in the field of Anthropology. She has been a professor at SUNY Buffalo, Florida State University, Southern Methodist University, SUNY Brockport, and SUNY Oswego, where she now holds the rank of Full Professor of Anthropology. Professor Smith has numerous articles, honors and awards. She has studied and written about Urban Anthropology, Maritime Anthropology, Sociocultural Change, Methodology, Theory and Social Control in the field of Anthropology, as well as the North American Indians of the Southwest and Folk/Peasant Communities of North America and Europe, with special emphasis on the Portuguese.

DAVID VIERA

Professor David Viera received his B.A. from Providence College in Rhode Island and his Ph.D. in Iberian Studies from the Catholic University of America in Washington D.C. in 1972. He has taught at Catholic University of America, Bristol Community College, Tennessee Technical University and State University College at Geneseo, where he is currently an Assistant Professor of Spanish and Portuguese. He has studied at both the University of Coimbra and University of Lisbon in Portugal. Professor Viera has written numerous articles dealing with Portuguese and Spanish literatures and Portuguese immigration. Many of his publications deal with the status of women in the Iberian Peninsula from the Middle Ages to the present, as seen in the Portuguese, Spanish and Catalan literatures.